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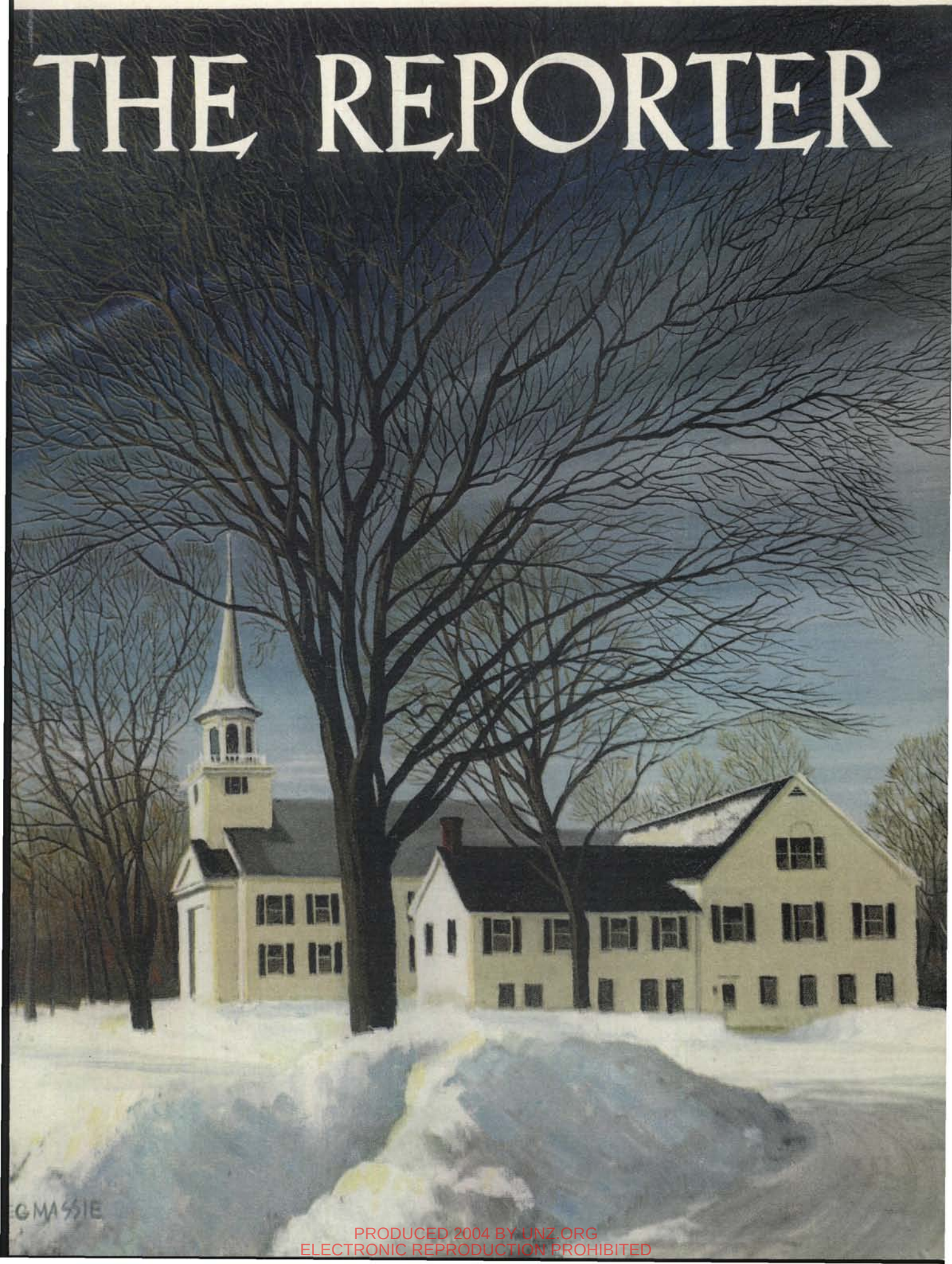

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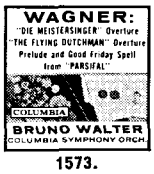

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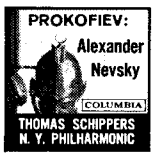

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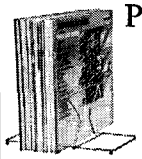

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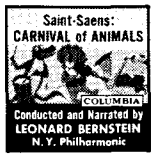

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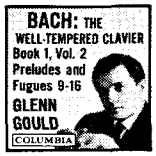

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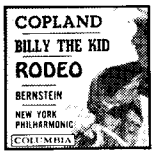

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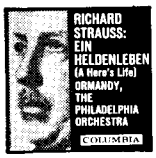

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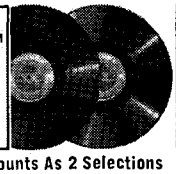

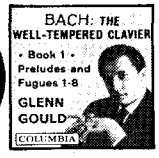

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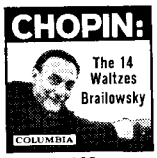

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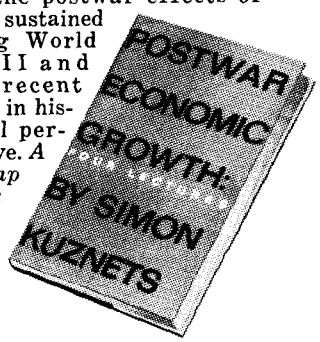

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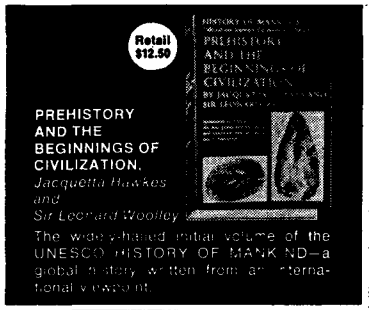
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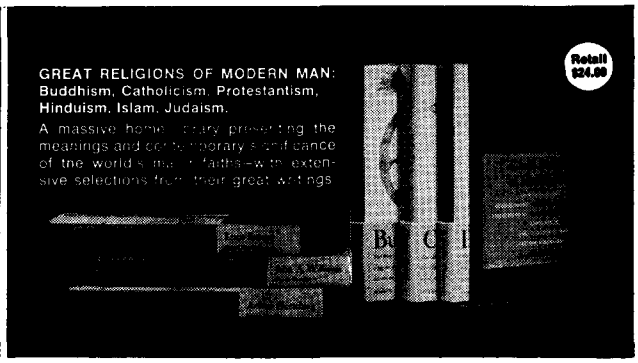
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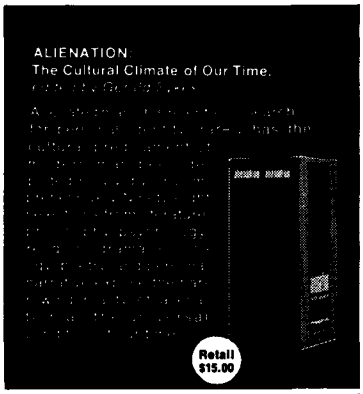

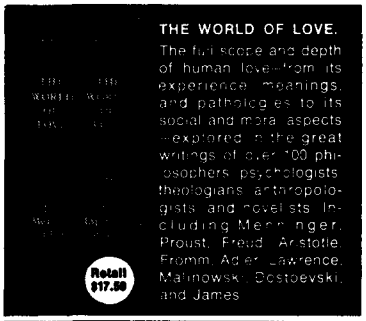
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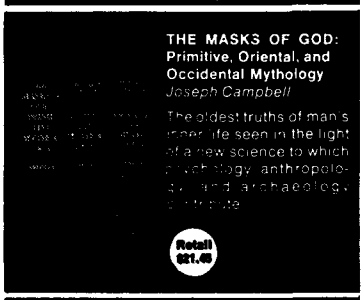
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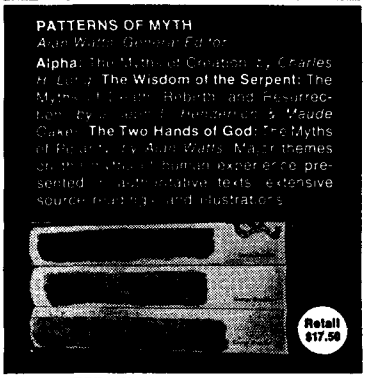
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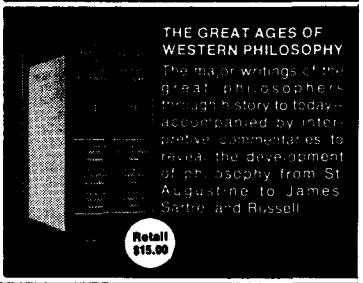
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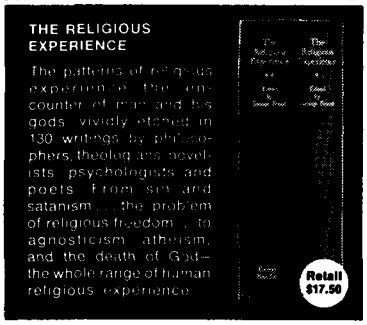
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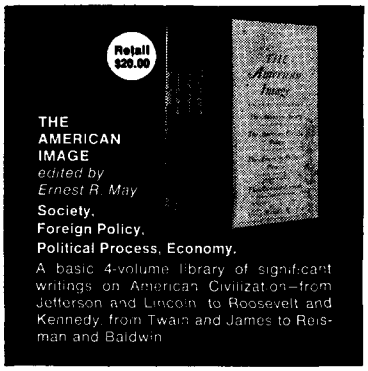
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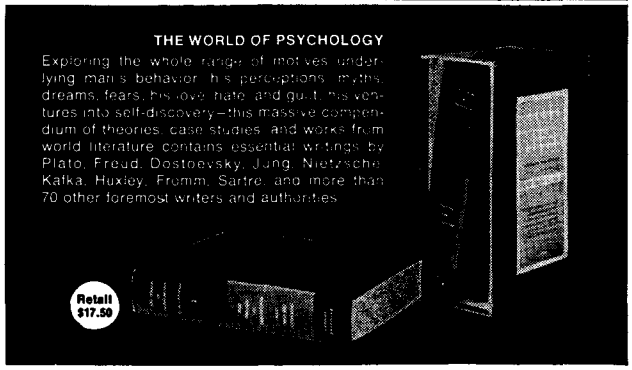
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L	■	■	I	■	E	■	E	L	D	E	R	S	■	E
A	R	T	S	■	V	I	E	■	■	D	E	A	N	T
S	E	R	E	N	E	■	D	■	■	D	I	T	C	H
S	P	A	R	■	R	O	S	E	S	■	N	■	■	E
Y	E	P	■	C	■	W	■	R	■	A	S	T	E	R
■	N	■	■	A	L	L	■	G	U	M	■	O	■	E
S	T	E	A	M	■	■	■	■	■	P	L	E	A	D
T	■	G	■	E	L	M	■	I	L	L	■	■	L	■
R	I	G	E	L	■	O	■	C	■	E	■	R	A	M
E	■	■	L	■	H	O	P	E	S	■	V	I	S	A
N	O	I	S	Y	■	■	R	■	T	R	I	C	K	S
G	■	S	T	O	A	■	E	G	O	■	T	E	A	S
T	■	A	O	R	T	A	S	■	N	■	A	■	■	E
H	O	R	N	E	T	■	S	T	E	A	L	E	R	S

Acrostician—

CHARLES ATLAS

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE MILITARY FORCE available to the Atlantic Alliance, as Secretary McNamara pointed out to the NATO foreign ministers, is the most powerful on earth. But it is axiomatic that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and the weak link in NATO was exposed for all to see at the Paris meeting. The U.S. proposal for a multilateral nuclear force has not only sharply split the member nations but also created divisions within nations and parties along Atlanticist or Europe First lines. The administration's MLF policy has far from unanimous backing in Washington, either, but the controversy has been too complex to arouse much public discussion. **André Fontaine's** review of the history and essence of the MLF issue shows its origins date to the early days of NATO. M. Fontaine is diplomatic correspondent for *Le Monde*. . . . The divisive effects of MLF are nowhere more painful than in Germany, where the Christian Democratic coalition—split internally over the issue—is losing ground to the Social Democrats over its support of the U.S. position. **George Bailey,** of our staff, reports from Bonn on these developments, which create more opportunities for neutralism and disengagement than they do for the Alliance.

THE WRANGLE over the refusal of France and the Soviet Union to pay their share of the cost of the U.N. operations at Suez and in the Congo sometimes sounds like a matter of a club ousting a defaulting member. Actually, **H. G. Nicholas** writes, the dispute goes to the heart of two legally arguable and opposite concepts of the meaning of the United Nations Charter. Mr. Nicholas is currently in this country at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton on leave from his post at New College, Oxford. . . . **Paul Good,** a free-lance journalist based in Atlanta, went to McComb, Mississippi, to find out how that community's leaders—most of them segregationists—were able to unite in a stand against Klan-style violence, permitting peaceful integration of the town's restaurants and motels. . . . The events of the recently adjourned Vatican Council evoked the Roman commentaries of Edward Gibbon for **Osbert Hastings,** a British journalist in Rome. . . . Japan's post-Olympics hangover is described by **Rafael Steinberg,** who free-lances in Tokyo.

NANCY HUDDLESTON PACKER is Jones Lecturer in Creative Writing at Stanford University, where her husband teaches law. Her father was a congressman from Alabama for twenty-two years, and the George in her story is now a representative for that state. . . . **John Engels's** poem is his fourth to appear in *The Reporter*. He is a member of the Department of English at St. Michael's College, Winooski, Vermont. . . . **Fernando Krahn** indicates one method of coping with the holiday problem of noisy neighbors. . . . Assistant Secretary of Labor **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** is co-author with Nathan Glazer of *Beyond the Melting Pot*, an ethnic study of New York City. Available both in hard cover and in paperback, it is published by MIT. . . . **George Steiner** teaches at Churchill College, Cambridge, and is the author of a number of books of criticism. Atheneum recently brought out his first collection of stories, *Anno Domini*. . . . **Barbara Carter** is a member of our staff. . . . **Frederic V. Grunfeld,** who now lives in Mallorca, writes that when he was a New Yorker he made a determined but vain effort to find some trace of Lorenzo Da Ponte in the city.

The cover painting of the Congregational Church in Wilton, Connecticut, is by our art director, **Reg Massie.**

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MIDGET WITH GREAT EXPECTATIONS

The tiny switch below, called a diode, can turn on and off in a billionth of a second. It is one of the many tiny parts of the Bell System's highly complex Electronic Switching System. Now in production at Western Electric, this new system offers faster, more versatile communications services than ever before available. □ Because of the complexity of this system, each of its thousands upon thousands of parts must meet extraordinarily high reliability standards. These tiny diodes, for example, can survive exposure to extremes of heat or cold — common hazards for electronic components. And we must deliver them with the expectation that, with rare exception, they will all be working perfectly 10 years from now. □ But simply making a product to work reliably is not enough. Western Electric must also turn out many products by the millions and keep the cost low. □ Our ability to provide communications products of high quality, in the numbers required, and at low cost helps your Bell telephone company bring you the world's best, most reliable telephone service. It's why we have been, since 1882, a member of the Bell System.

Western Electric
Manufacturing & Supply Unit of the Bell System

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE CONANT PROPOSALS

To the Editor: James B. Conant's essay ("On Taking Education Seriously," *The Reporter*, December 3) touches only briefly on the existence of what is to me one of the minor troubles of the American educational pattern, which is a kind of academic or pedagogic snobbery that vastly troubles local areas. If there is a junior high school in such and such a locality, the locality is not satisfied to make it the best possible junior high school but is unhappy unless it becomes a full-fledged senior high school. If this or another locality has a good junior college, every pressure is exerted to make it a four-year college giving an A.B. degree, which it will, in most cases, do rather badly, at the same time destroying its usefulness as a junior college. If what was once a normal school and what became a state teachers' college is to "rate," it must abandon this exact and to me honorable title and become a liberal-arts college and eventually something more. If there is a college in such and such a town, it is unhappy unless it is retitled a university. If a state has a good college of agriculture, the college of agriculture wants to transform itself into a liberal-arts college or into a university. I could cite dozens of such instances. But when everything becomes a university, the university concept loses meaning, on the sound ground of W. S. Gilbert in *The Gondoliers*: when everyone is somebody, no one is anybody. Men are governed by terms; and the refusal to distinguish among simple yet elemental educational terms is, I think, one of the besetting sins of secondary and higher education in these United States. The matter goes deeper than terminology, of course, for it involves great questions of prestige, of budget-making, of recruiting both a faculty and a student body, and so on. I suggest that one of the greatest needs of the educational world in America is to make people understand that schools and colleges may have several determinate and specific functions, each highly honorable, and that nothing is gained by labeling everything "university" or "high school, four years liberal arts," etc., except confusion.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: I find myself so much in agreement with Dr. Conant that I only wish he had stated his case even more forcefully and urgently. It seems to me that the device by which strong Federal influence can be exerted without removing education from the control of local authority is competition.

Competitive educational achievements of the states would establish for each state an "index of educational level" in terms of objective Federally formulated standards, which would provide the local citizenry with the means to coerce their school boards and state legislatures to raise educational performance to national levels. An individual's admission to desirable colleges and universities could depend on his "objective performance" (the average grade achieved in his state's high school system, multiplied by his state's index of educational level). In addition, the size of Federal grants to education could depend on the rate at which the state's index of educational level was rising.

OLAF HELMER
Santa Monica, California

NEGRO EDUCATION

To the Editor: For the most part, let me voice a firm "amen" to Fred M. Hechinger's clear-headed comments in "Preferential Treatment for Negroes?" (*The Reporter*, December 3).

That we need analyses like his is shown by National Merit's mail since the Ford Foundation announced a $7-million grant to us last July to set up the National Achievement Scholarship Program for outstanding Negro students alongside the existing National Merit Program.

The heavy majority of our correspondents applaud the new competition, but for the wrong reason. National Achievement is not restricted to the needy, as most seem to think. We are looking for the *best* young Negro talent, the students *most* able to compete in modern America.

A Negro student whose intellectual drive was lost in the ghetto is not going to star at Harvard merely because we help to pay his bills. Aid is pointless except for those who have somehow developed into strong college material *despite* the disadvantage of being Negro in our society.

Picking the winners is the real problem, a point totally missed by critics protesting that the National Achievement Program constitutes "reverse discrimination." The status quo is discriminatory already. *Open* competitions often betray unwitting (and unwanted) bias in their results. National Achievement awards will merely redress an existing imbalance while giving us a chance to search for selection techniques that will be suitable for Negroes, yet accurate in predicting successful achievement by the winners in the typical middle-class college environment.

Mr. Hechinger goes awry, however, in complaining of "the tyranny" of testing. The tyranny is not in the test but in the culture. The choice is not between sacrificing children and sacrificing tests. Disadvantaged children have already been scarred; tests merely tell us how much.

Tests do not, of course, tell us how to educate scarred children. When test results are used badly or maliciously, look to the user instead of blaming the test. We don't blame the wrench when the mechanic errs.

Indeed, there *must be* cultural bias in objective tests at the college-entrance level. The function of such tests is to predict which individuals will succeed *in a given culture*. A "culture-free" test, even if possible, could only predict performance in a world which does not exist.

JOHN M. STALNAKER, President
National Merit Scholarship Corporation
Evanston, Illinois

To the Editor: Mr. Hechinger's treatise strikes a high point of clarity and reason in the emotionally charged field of civil rights, which has been left to partisan liberal apologists on the one hand and racist apologists on the other.

Negro deprivation and inadequacy are not to be cured by taking a few to lunch or by transporting a few to another school. Massive transfusions of money, talent, and responsibility are the indicated treatment. One can hope that Mr. Hechinger's ability to identify what is real and to offer reality-oriented solutions will prove contagious.

JOSEPH EHRLICH
Palo Alto, California

PRESERVING THE GOOD

To the Editor: Anthony Astrachan's "A Visit to Dimeh" (*The Reporter*, December 3) aroused sharp nostalgia in me for Liberia, which I visited twice in the late 1950's. Mr. Astrachan's superb writing transmits the reality of the place as does nothing else I have read on it, particularly when the author touches on some of the pitfalls inherent in attempts to impose "modernization" on a "simple" culture.

Western "modernizers" must strive to be alert to whatever is already good enough in the African environment and culture. African values and traditions are the results of long cultural evolution. We ought, like Astrachan, to shed the white man's arrogance and reexamine our axioms, conscious and unconscious, about progress. If the UNESCO expert Astrachan mentions had had any sense or sympathy, he would have shunned the sacred black stone as a site for a bridge pier. Instead, he provided just one more example of a self-defeating attempt to help a society by modernizing it. I do not maintain that everything in the African cultures ought to be taken as sacred and immutable, any more than everything in ours is sacred and immutable. But we are going to find that any worthwhile thing we can give the Africans must be given and accepted on their cultural terms. We shall have to come to understand these terms. Some of the loaves we have delivered in the past have turned out to be stones, for even the African does not completely know the terms of his culture. We ourselves have only begun to examine our own.

NICHOLAS ROSA
Menlo Park, California

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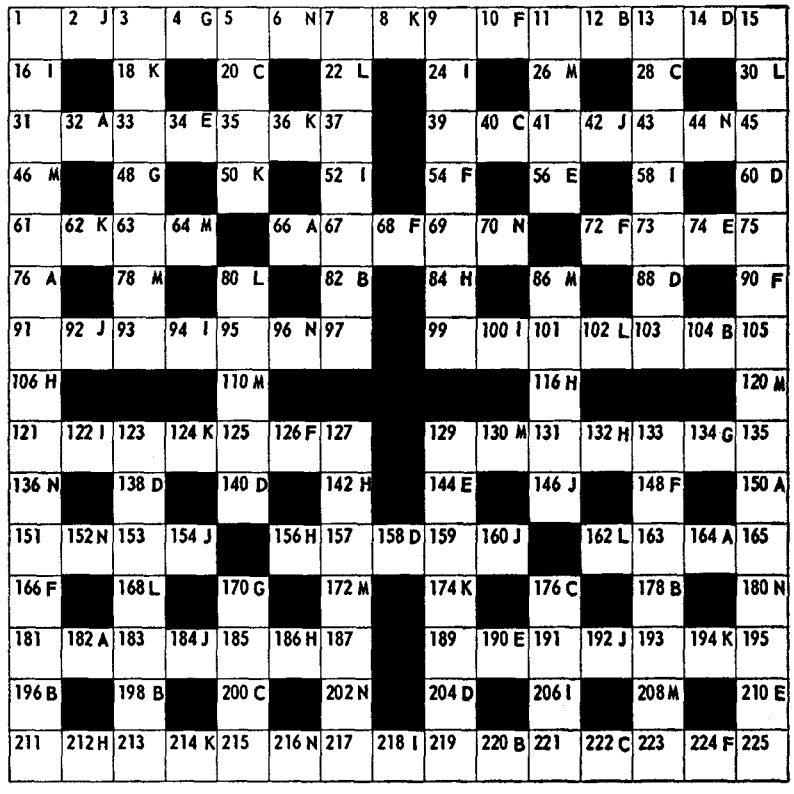
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 116

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versia.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 66 150 182 32 76 164 Kind of cigar.

B 82 178 12 196 220 198 104 British playwright and actor.

C 176 222 200 20 40 28 Prophet rebuked by an ass.

D 138 60 140 158 14 88 204 Resort near Lisbon.

E 144 56 34 74 190 210 Enlarged a hole.

F 90 10 126 54 72 224 68 148 166 To plow for the second time (obs.).

G 170 134 4 48 British Field Marshal, First World War.

H 116 156 106 142 186 84 132 212 Discolored, as if burned.

I 218 16 122 206 100 52 58 94 24 Home state of the Acrostician.

J 160 42 146 154 2 192 92 184 What a partially solvent man did with his debts (4,1,3).

K 8 194 50 214 36 124 18 174 62 Western (Latin).

L 168 30 102 22 162 80 Get an equivalent compensation for.

M 46 208 64 130 110 78 86 172 120 26 What reading glasses may do (4,6).

N 70 6 152 136 216 44 96 202 180 The ash tree which binds Earth, Heaven, and Hell (Scand. Myth.).

ACROSS

1. Once fashionable health exercise for gentlemen on the wagon? (6,3,6).
31. A human grows old but gets on somehow!
39. A rodent and a dish for the march sound.
61. Snakes of the kind that came in fig baskets.
66. Prickly plant not wholly found hereabouts.
72. "Aeneid's" opening may mar a bit.
91. The man in charge of drill?
99. Let Vic pace as he confessed his sin.
121. For an entrance psalm, there's rot in it.
129. Is TNT bast? This agreement deals with something bigger (4-3).
151. Exclamation of the large Gadsden Purchase.
156. Does one use a spoon to pry?
162. Laura embraces more than a mountain range.
181. Promises of a slow Virginia boat.
189. Consommé for Yeomen of the Guard? (4,3).
211. Sensitively begins with spirit and ends intellectually.

DOWN

1. Patient for no man, according to proverb (4,3,4,4).
3. Big-shot monarch with a skewer.
5. Scolds the horses.
7. Discard when it's so stout? (4,3).
9. Article of apparel for an eavesdropper?
11. Stake in human tests.
13. Kansas city or classical marts.
15. Mae West or Brigitte Bardot? (11,4).
80. Put four in the pot and turn.
86. Apology in Florence or U.S. (sic).
123. Refreshment place, but not where to get 189 across (3,4).
127. A new nation is a tuna, I sea.
129. Our belt may lead to difficulty.
133. Do they rob last in the British reformatory?
170. Get well in the Swiss chalet or canton.
176. An inclination is not broken.

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Any Number Can Play

We don't understand it. Among all the games under the tree this Christmas, beginning with that old standby Monopoly and ending with a new one called Strategy, no manufacturer thought to provide what would have been a natural this year, the fascinating game of Reapportionment. Think of the delightful set of little stamped-out figures that could have been designed to represent the players on the board—State Senators, Assemblymen, Speakers, Majority Leaders, a Supreme Court Justice or two, even a miniature likeness of Governor Elbridge Gerry.

It's a game that any number can play. You start on the square marked "Go," and with a roll of dice you're off. Each time you successfully complete a turn around the board, you are awarded a foot of colored yarn and two pins with pastel heads with which you can begin to outline your own district on the rug-size oilskin map that accompanies the game. Naturally, you play in your stocking feet, for that lends the requisite touch of verisimilitude to the goings-on in real state capitols. There are, of course, hazards as you move around the board. "You do not have a majority. Your turn canceled," the square you land on may say, or "Fractional Voting Passed! Forfeit two-fifths of your yarn." If you land in the square marked "Go to Court," you must draw a decision from a pack of pink cards. "Court rules against your party's plan. Return to Go," it may read, or worse: "Court approves opponents' plan. Your district eliminated. You are no longer in game."

If Reapportionment proves popular, the gamemakers might want to consider bringing out another educational toy called School Integration, which could be an amusing adaptation of the ever-popular Cannibals and Missionaries. But then this kind of make-believe may not sell well at all. We are a nation of kibitzers, it must be remembered, and we're already having the fun of watching the game life-size, for free.

Postscript on Tony Pro

The recent refusal by the U.S. Supreme Court to review the extortion conviction of Anthony Provenzano means that the New Jersey Teamster czar will soon begin serving a seven-year jail sentence. With the exception of his close friend James R. Hoffa, International Vice President Provenzano is the most prominent casualty in the Department of Justice's assault on the Teamsters' hierarchy. But there is something vaguely dissatisfying about the whole situation, starting with Provenzano's raucous trial, which we described in "The Life and Times of Tony Pro" (*The Reporter*, September 12, 1963).

For instance, we are reminded that Tony Pro was convicted solely on the testimony of a Secaucus, New Jersey, trucker named Albert Dorn, who told the court he had paid $200 a month for six and a half years in return for "labor peace." But Dorn did not give the money to Provenzano. He testified that he paid it—by check, no less—to a Michael Communale, who at the time was an assistant Hudson County prosecutor, a job he lost after his 1959 appearance before Senator John L. McClellan's Permanent Investigating Committee. Communale, who strangely enough appeared as a witness for the prosecution, testified that he considered the payments a legal retainer. He denied giving any of it to Provenzano. He even insisted that he did not know Tony Pro, the boss of the nation's third largest Teamster local.

In convicting Provenzano, the jury obviously believed Albert Dorn, a nervous and reluctant witness who appeared only after demanding and receiving a safe-conduct writ to enter New Jersey without risk of prosecution. And the talesmen were apparently unmoved by the testimony introduced by the prosecution itself that Dorn had parked his trucks without charge on county-owned land adjacent to his terminal. We remember vividly the public elation expressed by the then Attorney General, Robert F. Kennedy, when the jurors' verdict was announced. And we have waited somewhat impatiently for the Federal prosecutors to tie up the loose ends of a case in which diametrically opposed testimony was given on who ultimately got the money and for what purpose. And certainly some investigation is in order when a county official is being paid regular sums as a legal retainer by a man using county-owned land for business purposes at no cost. But the government apparently decided that justice, however rough, had been served by the conviction of Provenzano.

We have felt somewhat uneasy throughout the long legal struggle between the Brotherhood of Teamsters and the Justice Department. A corrupt union cannot exist apart from its environment, and the rather selective convictions of local Teamster leaders are surely not going to change that environment. Fortunately, we are glad to learn that the Justice Department has begun to balance its prosecution activities of late with indictments of some businessmen who have entered into illegal arrangements with Teamster officials.

Just Plain Folks

In most lands, the crowning of kings and installation of chiefs of state are occasions for the pageantry and festivity dear to the hearts of the populace. In America,

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tradition decrees a more folksy ceremony. Nevertheless, one recalls viewing as a child the hours-long parade for Herbert Hoover. There were bare-chested Indians hopping to keep warm; uniformed veterans from the Civil War onward; tiny biplanes of the Army Air Corps flying low overhead; and the floats and bands of each state marching in alphabetical order—which left poor Wyoming to bring up the rear in near-darkness. You could tell the Presidents by their top hats.

Our President of Consensus is changing some of this. Not all the inauguration details have been revealed, but we offer sympathy to Hubert Humphrey, who got tangled up in his rented tails when President Johnson announced he was wearing a business suit and a fedora. We presume there will be a big union label in the business suit, a silk shirt for the rich, and a hole in one shoe for the poor. But we regret the decision to downgrade what little panoply we have by consensusizing the top hat and tailcoat. Even Jomo Kenyatta, at his inaugural in Kenya a few weeks ago, carried his fly whisk.

The theme of the inaugural balls is "America the Beautiful," of which the extravagant new House Office Building might stand as a symbol for this era. In line with his economy drive, Johnson's parade route has been cut by one mile, and the state units have been restricted to one marching group, a float, and a band. And in line with his dispensation of political justice, the states this year for the first time will march in order of their admission to the Union. This will move Arizona all the way back to two spaces from the rear.

Laissez-faire in Lima

There's only one daily newspaper in Lima, Ohio, a county seat with a population of some sixty thousand, seventy miles north of Dayton. That in itself is scarcely surprising. But the Justice Department's Antitrust Division is not entirely satisfied with the way the Lima *News* bought out its opposition, the Lima *Citizen*, last January, and has brought suit against the operators of Freedom Newspapers, Inc., who also own a number of small-town papers in California, Colorado, and Texas. The *Citizen* had originally been started, almost on a volunteer basis, by a number of local residents who were dissatisfied with the view of the world they were given by the *News* after it became part of the Freedom chain in 1956. As the *Citizen* people saw it, the *News* had gone pretty far the right of the kind of conservatism that flourishes in the flat farmlands of central western Ohio.

The *News* ("Ever striving for Limaland to be an even better place to live") met this criticism head-on the day after the Presidential election this fall in an editorial from which it is our great pleasure to present the following excerpt:

"One of the most frequent criticisms lodged against the Freedom Newspapers is that we are 'against everything.' . . . However, the oft-heard expression . . . is erroneous . . . We do not oppose schools, libraries or trash collection services. We consider these desirable things which can be obtained without coercion, but we do oppose taxation for their support, because taxes are collected by initiated force or the threat of force."

Maybe the people in Lima could use a second newspaper to supplement the one they've got, but they may not realize how fortunate they are already. You don't get writing like that just anywhere these days.

Compounding Confusion

During the closing days of the NATO Council session in Paris, it was difficult to make out just what was going on. Close reading of the press did little to help. In the headline over a dispatch by Drew Middleton on December 17, the New York *Times* announced, "De Gaulle Bends Toward U.S. Line on Atom Policy," and went on to report that the prospects for an MLF-type organization had sharply improved. The *Herald Tribune* took a different view. Far from being a partial triumph for the MLF, it announced, the Paris talks looked forward to "independent roles" for the three nuclear allies—which is at least a step toward what de Gaulle has wanted all along. "The most important element in the changing picture," according to Don Cook, "is the American pullback from the multilateral nuclear force."

On President Johnson's position, the disagreement between the two papers was even sharper. The *Herald Tribune* reported an improved atmosphere at NATO "now that it is clear Mr. Johnson is not as 'committed' as the MLF advocates would have had the press believe four weeks ago or even two weeks ago." This was in line with an article of the preceding day in the Washington *Post* by Chalmers Roberts, who reported that the President in his talks with Prime Minister Wilson "did not confirm the MLF commitment" and had indicated that he had an open mind if anyone had any better suggestions.

The New York *Times* disagreed. In a Washington dispatch that was datelined December 16 but printed on the following day, it announced: "The White House emphasized today that President Johnson believed in the feasibility and usefulness of a mixed-manned fleet as a key element in a collective Atlantic nuclear force." Its information came from sources at "the highest level," the *Times* said, and was meant to clarify "several newspaper dispatches"—presumably including one from its own Washington bureau—which represented the President as "believing the concept of mixed-manning could raise difficulties."

The confusion in the press was symptomatic of the crisis itself. From its very inception, the MLF project has had a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't character which has sometimes led its opponents to believe, prematurely, that it was all safely interred. Ostensibly designed as a dual-purpose project—to further the integration of NATO and to protect our allies from the dangers of nuclear proliferation, two aims by no means wholly compatible—it quickly developed into an all-purpose political troublemaker with a remarkable record for damping the confidence of our allies while providing our foes with a chance to multiply the confusion we ourselves have created. The contradictory reports of the press have not helped to eliminate any of this confusion.

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The ABC of MLF

ANDRE FONTAINE

PARIS

THE multilateral force (U.S. version) and the Atlantic nuclear force (British version) each purports to solve a problem that has now existed for years and is both technological and political.

The *technological problem* is that the nuclear intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBM's) installed by the Soviets in Eastern Europe must be neutralized by appropriate weapons under the principle that each element of the Soviet system must have its western equivalent in range and strength. The assumption is that the Kremlin might be tempted to blackmail the United States by threatening European territory only, which in turn might induce Europe to negotiate a more or less honorable capitulation for fear of being annihilated. This is why since 1957, when Sputnik I was launched, the allied commanders-in-chief in Europe have persisted in requesting that IRBM's be earmarked for the defense of Europe.

The rapid advances in rocket development have substantially altered the elements of the technological problem. In the early stages, the Supreme Allied Command in Europe (SACEUR) demanded land-based rockets. The first American rockets were the Thor and the Jupiter, similar in design and with a range of approximately 1,500 miles. They were installed in Great Britain, Italy, and Turkey. France, both before and after de Gaulle's return to power, refused to accept any without certain political guarantees; West Germany was judged too exposed; the geography of the Netherlands did not lend itself to rocket installation; Portugal was too far away; and the Scandinavians refused to have foreign bases on their soil in peacetime.

Great Britain had started manufacturing the 2,500-mile-range Blue Streak to supersede the Thor. It expected to pay off production costs by selling the missiles to various European countries, including France. But, like Thor and Jupiter, the Blue Streak operated on liquid fuel; this meant a delay of several hours for fueling before it could be fired, and its launching pads were above ground and vulnerable. It became obsolete as soon as the United States began producing solid-fuel missiles, ready for instant launching, that could be fired from ships, aircraft, trucks, or trains that offered a much more difficult target.

DRAWING the lesson from this technological development, the British decided in April, 1960, to give up the Blue Streak and buy a more modern missile from the United States. Prime Minister Macmillan went to Camp David to discuss the matter. President Eisenhower gave him the choice between the two types of rockets that the United States was testing at the time: the Polaris, designed for launching from either ships or submarines, and the Skybolt, nicknamed "the air Polaris," to be launched from an aircraft. Despite the entreaties of Thomas S. Gates, Jr., then Secretary of Defense, who believed strongly in the Polaris, the prime minister gave in to pressure exerted by the heads of the R.A.F. and the British aircraft industry. They regarded Skybolt as a means

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of extending the usefulness of the "V" strategic bombers, which might be made obsolete by advances in Soviet defense capabilities. Had Macmillan chosen Polaris instead of Skybolt, there would have been no crisis in the fall of 1962 when Secretary McNamara decided to abandon Skybolt, and no Nassau Agreement between Macmillan and President Kennedy. If General de Gaulle had been seeking an excuse to prevent Great Britain from joining the Common Market, he would have had to look for something else. And if Nassau was the true reason for his veto and not just a pretext, he might not have blocked Britain's application.

Only Great Britain had bombers suitable for Skybolt delivery, and only Polaris was of interest to the other NATO countries. Thus, at the very time that London placed an order for Skybolts, negotiations were started by Paul-Henri Spaak, then Secretary-General of NATO, for the delivery of Polaris missiles to its European members.

The Political Thicket

This is where *the political aspect* of the problem intervenes. At that time, only Great Britain had nuclear weapons. Having been associated with the United States in the making of the Hiroshima bomb, it had decided as soon as the war ended to acquire its own nuclear weapons, a move the leaders of both the Labour and the Conservative Parties deemed vital for the nation's survival in case of extreme danger. The Atomic Energy Act of 1946, designed to guard U.S. atomic information, had been amended in 1954 to allow an exchange of information in this field between Great Britain and the United States.

The other European countries had judged that their financial means did not permit them to acquire nuclear arms; and West Germany, upon joining the Atlantic Pact in 1955, had solemnly pledged not to produce atomic weapons on its territory. But in that same year, France had started preparations for the production of a bomb, showing thereby that it did not intend to rely forever on the United States for its defense. Just as there is no doubt that Britain's example had encouraged France's resolve, it was legitimate to wonder whether the French decision would not prompt other members of the Alliance, primarily Germany, to demand "modern" weapons also. Indeed, some of the Bundeswehr generals, supported by the then minister of defense, Franz Josef Strauss, started agitating with growing insistence for the granting of the means for successful defense to the European nation that was making the largest contributions in manpower and money to the Alliance.

True, these Germans did not ask for atomic weapons for Germany to use as it saw fit. But they did want to make sure that the weapons would be earmarked for the defense of Europe, and hence they asked for a voice in their use. They had taken a similar stand in the 1950's, when the question of calling upon German troops in NATO was first raised; they requested at that time that these forces be placed not under German but under an allied command and in the framework of NATO, just as later, in 1960, they insisted on the need for equal rights—*Gleichberechtigung*. In short, they demanded that other countries integrate with Germany.

This stand was fully consistent with the wishes of the United States, which feared any proliferation of atomic weapons, especially if Germany was to be a recipient. In any case, the Atomic Energy Act prohibited giving anyone nuclear weapons or secrets. Washington, however, did not want the German Federal Republic, an indispensable ally, to feel that it was not being treated as an equal partner or drawing equal benefits from the Alliance. This was all the more likely to happen because the Alliance had not been able, and obviously would not be able for a long time, to help Germany attain its primary national goal of reunification.

Such was the background of Washington's offer to its European allies in the spring of 1960 to participate in a pool that would own and control any Polaris missiles the pool was willing to buy, with the United States retaining the legal and technical means of preventing their firing. Spaak suggested that if France agreed to participate in this undertaking, it should receive a certain number of Polaris rockets outright. But President de Gaulle was not to be convinced. In his memorandum of September, 1958, to Eisenhower and Macmillan, he had demanded a tripartite directorate for the Western Alliance, and had expressly made any development in his participation in NATO contingent on his demands' being taken into account. Since these had been practically ignored, he had taken to sulking at the Alliance and had allowed a gradual loosening of the French ties with it. Accepting the American proposal on the Polaris would have flagrantly violated that basic stand.

French opposition prevented the pool from coming into existence, as Great Britain, banking at the time on the retention of a national deterrent, used all its available resources on the Skybolt and did not contemplate buying any Polaris missiles. Nevertheless, a plan worked out by Robert Bowie, while he was Assistant Secretary of State for Policy Planning, was submitted to the NATO Council of Ministers by Secretary Christian Herter in December, 1960. It provided for the selling of one hundred IRBM rockets—which were to remain under U.S. control—to a "truly multilateral" force whose staffs were to be integrated "as fully as feasible." The rockets were to be installed either on barges or on movable land-based launching platforms. Although Strauss of West Germany insisted that this scheme be carried out "within a two-month period," there was no response from the other delegations.

Kennedy and the Thaw

By then, the United States had already elected and was about to inaugurate a new President. No one knew what his policy on the matter would be. In the first months of his administration, John F. Kennedy did nothing to renew the talks on this project. He merely entrusted Dean Acheson with reviewing the somewhat contradictory suggestions of his experts. On May 17, 1961, he declared in Ottawa:

"To make clear our own intentions and commitments... the United States will commit to the NATO command five—and subsequently still more—Polaris atomic missile submarines, which are defensive weapons.

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subject to any agreed NATO guidelines on their control and use, and responsive to the needs of all members but still credible in an emergency. Beyond this, we look to the possibility of eventually establishing a NATO seaborne force, which would be truly multilateral in ownership and control, if this should be desired and found feasible by our Allies once NATO's non-nuclear goals have been achieved."

But in the same speech, Kennedy insisted that to him, the defense of Europe and of North America were indivisible. Most Europeans took the speech to mean that the MLF project had been abandoned. In any event, the Berlin crisis soon provided more pressing problems. The German attempts to reopen the question in December were futile, especially after the relaxation of tension in the fall and the Washington visit of Khrushchev's son-in-law, Alexei Adzhubei. It was the abandonment of Skybolt a few months later that once again brought the whole question to the foreground.

By the summer of 1962, Secretary McNamara had already embarked on tidying up American weapons procurement. He concluded that Skybolt duplicated Polaris and was inferior to it in performance. He persuaded President Kennedy to stop the production of Skybolt for the U.S. Air Force, and as soon as the Cuban crisis was over, he informed the ambassador of Great Britain that the British government would either have to cover most of the production costs or find another solution. In vain British leaders pointed out to any American they chanced to meet how much this decision, coming two years after the abandonment of Blue Streak, was going to hurt the Conservative government, since the Labour Party at the time of the Skybolt agreement had forcefully stressed its dangers. By the time the regular mid-December session of the NATO Council opened in Paris, Macmillan knew that the American decision was final.

MACMILLAN had just then made appointments to meet with President de Gaulle at Rambouillet and later with President Kennedy in the Bahamas in order to review the international situation following the Soviet retreat in Cuba. But the abandonment of Skybolt inevitably made defense problems the main topic of both talks.

At Rambouillet, Macmillan told de Gaulle that he meant to do his utmost to preserve his country's nuclear independence. De Gaulle was skeptical and quoted a sentence uttered by Churchill on the eve of the Normandy landing: "If one day we should have to choose between the open sea and you, you should know, General, that we would choose the open sea." De Gaulle used this as evidence that Britain, then seeking to join the Common Market, was not a European power. Possibly he wanted to prod his visitor into saying he had decided to leave the path taken in 1944 and was ready to associate with the Continent in order to preserve his independence from the United States. This is what the general's entourage claimed later. Twice, it was said, de Gaulle had given Macmillan an opening by mentioning very briefly that he would be prepared to participate in the joint production of a rocket, but Macmillan had not responded.

In Nassau, after discarding various plans that did not seem practical to him, Macmillan requested and obtained Polaris missiles on fully satisfactory conditions. He did not even look into the numerous reports on the multilateral force prepared by NATO experts. Great Britain agreed to assign all its nuclear forces to NATO and in exchange was given the right to use them for itself alone in case its "supreme national interests" required it. Macmillan had probably never pleaded a case so ardently, and apparently the President's sense of history responded to the evocation of Britain's glorious past, forgetting the two cardinal points of his administration's strategic doctrine: to ensure the indivisibility of defense (as opposed to the thesis of the two separate European and American "pillars" advocated by de Gaulle), and to refrain from helping any country develop an independent nuclear force.

Thus an exception was made to the rule that Polaris missiles could be sold only collectively to NATO. Britain was going to purchase them for itself, producing the necessary submarines as well as the nuclear warheads. These craft were to be part of the Alliance's multilateral force that would also include submarines with mixed crews to be supplied by all countries that accepted the plan.

De Gaulle Slams the Door

On Macmillan's request, it was decided to propose a similar plan to France. But it would necessarily be much less attractive to France than it was to Great Britain: the latter already possessed a large supply of nuclear weapons—in contrast to France—and had atomic Polaris-carrying submarines under construction. However, de Gaulle did not weigh the pros and cons before concluding that the plan would chain Great Britain to the United States. He saw—or pretended to see—sufficient grounds for France not only to reject the offer but also, in a historic press conference, to shut Britain out of the Common Market.

Kennedy and Macmillan had certainly made a very bad mistake by not inviting a man so sensitive over prestige as de Gaulle to discuss with them the Alliance's nuclear problems, especially when he had insistently requested such a discussion. However, there is no evidence that an agreement could have been reached even if he had been present at Nassau.

It soon became clear that the two parties to the Nassau Agreement had not signed it in the same spirit. Macmillan, whose speeches more and more often rang with Gaullist overtones, stated to the Commons on January 30, 1963: "I do not believe that our Western Alliance could really stand permanently if in this vital field [of nuclear armaments] the United States were given for all time the sole authority. . . . It is right and salutary that a British government, whatever may be the particular dispute, should be in a position to make their own decision without fear of nuclear blackmail."

At almost the same time, Under Secretary of State George W. Ball was telling the NATO Council that the reference to Great Britain's supreme national interests was merely a matter of style. His task was to soften the West German reaction to the departure from the principle of nondiscrimination among allies—a principle that had been

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violated by granting Britain a special status within the multilateral force.

THIS DIFFERENCE in the understanding of the Nassau Agreement resulted in two quite different proposals, one stressing its multinational aspect, the other its multilateral aspect. The United States, faced with the objections of the experts and of the Atomic Energy Commission, had second thoughts about assigning submarines to the multilateral force, and suggested that it be made to consist of twenty-five surface ships, each armed with eight A-3 Polaris missiles and manned by mixed crews to be provided by all the members of the Alliance. Britain voiced its preference for a plan that Foreign Secretary Lord Home outlined on March 20, 1963: a first-stage non-integrated force to which the whole nuclear arsenal of the Alliance in Europe would be assigned—including the three American atomic submarines President Kennedy had promised to NATO. This was to be followed by the development of a mixed naval force. Both forces were to be under the authority of a joint general staff fully briefed on nuclear strategy and empowered to make command decisions.

The Kennedy administration was in no hurry; it had not given up trying to convince France on the one hand and the Soviet Union on the other that a plan it regarded as likely to deactivate West Germany's nuclear aspirations would consolidate peace. The President was aware that such an effort at persuasion would require much time and patience in order to succeed. And it seems that during the President's visit to Germany in June, 1963, Chancellor Adenauer accepted his viewpoint.

The signing of the test-ban treaty two months later greatly disturbed the West German leaders, who feared that they would be the losers in a developing Soviet-American rapprochement. They therefore pressed for the rapid conclusion of a treaty on the multilateral force. On October 1, at Washington's insistence, Great Britain agreed to participate in a working group consisting of representatives of the seven interested countries: besides Great

Britain, the United States, and Germany, these were Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Belgium. The group has now completed eighty per cent of its task of working out the legal and technical provisions required for the forming of an integrated fleet of twenty-five Polaris vessels. It introduced two important departures from the original plan by agreeing to retain—up to now only for further study—the British suggestion to incorporate into the force the underground five-hundred-mile-range Pershing missiles being installed in West Germany and the British TSR-2 fighter-bombers on which London relies to cover the transition between its "V" bombers and the submarines. The working group also recommended that the decisions on the use of the force be in the hands of a restricted directorate in which the United States would have a veto right.

This touches upon one of the most important problems raised by the MLF. If the veto is retained permanently, the MLF is in fact what de Gaulle says it is, an American naval foreign legion. But if there is a possibility that under certain conditions the veto might not apply, the force might represent a step toward the "two-pillared" alliance that France demands, by providing next to the large American parachute a "spare parachute" for use in case the first should fail to open.

A Proliferation of Plans

At the beginning of the talks, some American officials hinted to their European counterparts that such an evolution was possible and even desirable. In September, 1962, in Copenhagen, Special Assistant to the President McGeorge Bundy had said: "It would . . . be wrong to suppose that the reluctance which we feel with respect to the individual, ineffective, and unintegrated forces would be extended automatically to a European force, genuinely unified and multilateral and effectively integrated with our own necessarily predominant strength in the whole nuclear defense of the Alliance." Vice-President Johnson went even further on November 8, 1963, when he said that a united Europe might one day acquire control of the multilateral nuclear missile fleet. But in its present form the "European clause" drafted by the seven-nation working group at the request of West Germany and Italy does little more than agree to review the voting procedure on the day when Europe's political union has become reality. And Europe is far from reaching that stage.

Since then, the Labour Party's victory in Britain has altered the elements of the problem. Prime Minister Harold Wilson is a firm advocate of the American monopoly over nuclear decisions, for he regards it as the only way to reassure the Russians about the MLF and to stop the proliferation of atomic weapons. While as leader of the opposition he fought the multilateral plan, he now would accept it on condition that it be integrated into a broad "nuclear holding" headed by the President of the United States; the MLF would be but one of the branches, along with the British submarines, the American Minute-

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man missiles, the American, British, West German, and other fighter-bombers, and even the French *force de frappe,* if perchance de Gaulle were willing. In exchange, Great Britain now requests a "greater say" in the drafting of western strategy.

This plan has met with a cool reception in Bonn, where it is feared, not without reason, that Great Britain is seeking rights incommensurate with its current contribution—mostly obsolete or obsolescent weapons. And President Johnson has made it clear to Wilson that he would agree to the British proposals only if they were approved by the Germans—a difficult task. Many observers, including British ones, doubt that the Labour government, in its present difficult position, will be able to refuse to participate in an undertaking that Washington is determined to carry out.

At this point, the final decision seems to rest with the President of the United States. Either the President, in view of the strong French and Soviet objections, will abandon a plan likely to cause turmoil within NATO while increasing East-West tensions; or, under the opinion that France's withdrawal from NATO is inevitable and the Russian warnings merely perfunctory, he will exert the necessary pressure on London and Bonn, and also on Rome and Brussels, so that a plan for nuclear integration may become reality.

How would the average Frenchman react to such a decision? Almost by instinct, he is not convinced by the technical and political arguments advanced to justify the creation of the multilateral force. He doubts that the force can at one and the same time draw West Germany into nuclear planning and keep it from acquiring nuclear weapons. He finds it difficult to believe that the Alliance is being strengthened by being divided. He fears that the coming into being of the multilateral force will deepen the gulf that, despite geographic and economic necessity—not to speak of the demands of freedom and civilization—now divides Europe down the middle.

Whether Gaullists or not, most Frenchmen do not think it possible to rely forever and exclusively on the United States to defend Europe. They also believe that the solution to the problem of "anchoring" West Germany to the West, of its "containment" which Robert Schuman used to speak of and which prompted him to work out the plan of economic integration that bears his name, is to be sought in a European rather than an Atlantic context. Frenchmen, therefore, tend to be partial to the idea of a European nuclear force, linked to the American force but separate from it. The sad thing nowadays is that while many people in France and elsewhere see the need for this, nobody dares take the first step. President de Gaulle's associates insist in vain that he come up with an alternative solution. But for reasons he has not yet stated, the oracle has decided to remain silent. In Bonn and Rome his attitude is viewed as a desire to have Europe accept from him something that he wants Europe to reject when it comes from the United States, namely, help in a form to be determined by the giver. The great man's weak point—the same as that of the British leaders until the recent election—probably consists in not comprehending that the feelings of nations are hurt just as easily as those of human beings.

It is hard to imagine why, all of a sudden, all those European ministers whom de Gaulle frankly despises would choose to give up the protection of a faraway great power and turn instead to an overly close neighbor whose pretensions to national grandeur they sometimes find amusing but more often a cause for alarm.

Allied Disunity And German Politics

GEORGE BAILEY

BONN

At a reception for delegates to the biennial American-German Conference in Berlin last November, a group of German parliamentarians, businessmen, and editors withdrew to a drawing room to discuss the latest phase of Germany's perennial dilemma. The American delegates to the privately sponsored meetings had long since departed and it was late, but discussion in one form or another went on for the next four hours. It quickly narrowed to a spirited debate between two official members of the German delegation at the conference, which had been regaled that afternoon with the virtues of the multilateral nuclear force (or MLF) by the American Under Secretary of State, George W. Ball.

"Our American friends," said one of the Germans, a Gaullist, "never cease reminding us that America has world-wide commitments. We all know that; it is particularly obvious in view of the Vietnam mess. And that is just the point. It is all the more reason for Europe to strive for complete self-sufficiency—economically, militarily, and politically. We must become as independent as we possibly can. Only then can there be meaningful partnership between Europe and America."

"Independence from America," said the other German, a member of the faction known as Atlanticists, "is sheer nonsense with sauce on it. Europe can never hope to provide a purely European nuclear force to match the Soviet arsenal."

"We don't need to," countered the Gaullist. "All we need is a nuclear force large enough to make a Soviet attack on Western Europe highly unappetizing. We don't have to kill or overkill them. If we are strong enough to tear off an arm, that in itself will be deterrent enough. And we are surely capable of becoming strong enough for that."

"But," said the Atlanticist, "de Gaulle has made it perfectly clear that he will not share the French deterrent with anybody. That is why our best chance is to accept the MLF, which will at least give us some say

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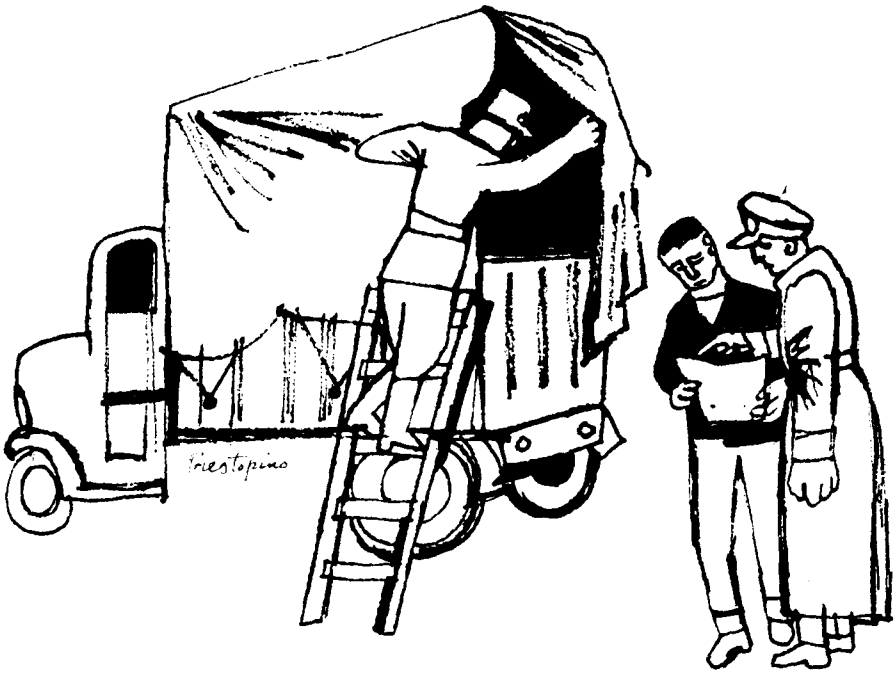
in the planning and targeting of nuclear strikes."

The Gaullist did not agree: "Even if your supposition about the exclusivity of the French nuclear force is true," he said, "the *force de frappe* would remain a European force. France is a European country strategically inseparable from Germany. The Americans keep telling us that should we be threatened it is as if they, too, were threatened. But there is no 'as if' with France."



THIS LATE-EVENING debate between two prominent German parliamentarians provided an accurate measure of the disarray in German politics. For while all the NATO countries are currently debating the advantages and disadvantages of the MLF with varying degrees of heat, the issue is tearing Germany apart. And it was apparent that evening that the argumentation goes well beyond defense concepts. What disturbs the Germans most of all about the ever-increasing American responsibilities throughout the world is not the suspicion that the United States will be loath to meet its full defense commitment along the Bavarian border. Few if any still worry over such theoretical niceties as "Suppose a company of East German soldiers suddenly advances two hundred meters to the West—what happens then?" Moreover, because of the political and economic disarray within the Communist bloc, a Soviet armed attack on Western Europe, including Berlin, seems now and for the foreseeable future more remote than at any time since the war.

"We are mostly concerned," said a German delegate during the November conference in Berlin, "that in the last ten years America has not once *acted* in the East-West struggle, but only *reacted*." In the German view, Americans are necessarily the custodians of the German national interests, but because of their world-wide commitments, it is felt, the Americans are not in a position to do much about the German problem, while the Germans themselves (or other Europeans) are prevented from taking any initiative—or frowned upon if they do. This sort of diplomatic immobilism has also created the totally false but very popular impression abroad that the Germans don't really care about the reunification of Germany.

A Province or a Nation?

Dissatisfaction with American indecisiveness on the German question has long since fostered two movements in opposite directions within the Federal Republic. Some of the Social Democratic opposition leaders, notably Mayor Willy Brandt of Berlin, have propounded and are practicing a policy of "change through closer relations" with the East German Communist régime. On the other hand, the Christian Democratic governing coalition, especially under Adenauer, has consistently bent its efforts to the formation of a unified Europe, beginning with France. The CDU leaders have envisioned a regional alliance within the larger Atlantic Community that would be capable of dealing forcefully with European problems—particularly the problem of a common European foreign policy vis-à-vis the Soviet bloc as the indispensable basis for the reunification of Germany.

In the late spring of 1962, Konrad Adenauer described his conception to the late C. D. Jackson (who had come to secure Adenauer's good offices in persuading de Gaulle to allow British entry into the Common Market) as follows: "Now, if Germany and France—and this is the real mainspring of my entire policy—grow together so closely (and I mean the two peoples) that, insofar as anyone can see into the future at all, neither a German government nor a French government will ever be able to create a special relationship with the Soviet Union, then our two countries . . . will be secure against further encroachment from Soviet Russia."

The main trouble with Adenauer's policy was that Germany already had a very special relationship with the United States, since West German security depends directly and wholly on American military power. And both because of that dependency and because of the closeness of Franco-German ties, the United States has felt no great compunction about asking German leaders to intercede with de Gaulle. At the American-German Conference in Berlin last month, John J. McCloy, chairman of the political sessions of the conference, suggested to the assembled German delegates that they try to persuade de Gaulle to join the MLF. With some asperity Fritz Erler, the Socialist leader, replied that he did not propose to be held responsible in any way for the actions of de Gaulle. "Nevertheless," persisted McCloy, "you ought to try."

America's attempted use of Germany as a lever to move France into line (while America itself has virtually ostracized France) has inevitably

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compromised diplomatic relations on the Continent and produced resentment in both France and Germany. The growing number of German leaders who openly or furtively oppose the MLF do so mostly out of fear that the prerogative of major policy decisions affecting Germany will remain permanently in American hands. "Germany is a semi-autonomous province of the United States of America," said one delegate at the Berlin conference; "as such it is withering on the vine as a result of general lack of initiative."

For this reason both Atlanticists and Gaullists in Germany have taken to harping on the necessity for including a "Europeanization clause" in the MLF treaty, whereby the project would be converted to accommodate a European nuclear force when and if Europe unites. The need for the clause was highlighted by a question George Ball put to the conference: How can Europe expect to assume nuclear responsibility when it is not united? The German Gaullist answer comes in the form of another question: Is the MLF likely to help the cause of European unity?

From Oslo to Rome

The existence within the Alliance of two diametrically opposed nuclear policies, each of whose proponents bring direct pressure to bear on the Federal Republic, has greatly added to the difficulties of the CDU governing coalition. When it became clear during the summer months that Ludwig Erhard and his foreign minister, Gerhard Schroeder, were inclining more and more toward the American nuclear concept, opposition within the party burst into the open. Konrad Adenauer, Eugen Gerstenmaier, and Heinrich Krone all made pilgrimages to Paris and directly or indirectly attacked Schroeder in interviews with the press. Erhard, who has been accused of being a trimmer bending with every wind, is widely thought to be no match for the aggressive Schroeder, the only German politician of any note to come down flatly and unequivocally on the American side of the MLF dispute.

Thus the bickering within the CDU often seems to be getting out of control. "We will never permit ourselves," Freiherr von und zu Guttenberg fairly shouted at one point during the Berlin conference, "to be forced to make a choice between France and the United States." But the knowledge that an Atlantic Alliance without France is just as unthinkable as a Franco-German alliance outside the protective nuclear umbrella of the United States merely increases German sensitivity to the opposing stresses. In effect, the German government is being torn asunder between two impossible alternatives.

Both the Christian Democrats and their coalition allies have lost heavily to the Social Democrats in recent elections. Erhard's supporters are now in the minority in five of the eleven German states that make up the federation. Much of the blame has been heaped on Erhard, who seems just as soft in domestic as in foreign affairs. The telephone rate was increased by almost thirty per cent as "an absolute necessity" in midsummer only to be reduced by ten per cent four months later when the government lost its courage in the face of the oncoming by-elections. This weakness has so dismayed party leaders in North Rhine-Westphalia, once a Christian Democratic citadel, that they are extremely gloomy about their prospects in the general elections scheduled to be held next September.

FOR THE FIRST TIME since the war, then, a Social Democratic victory is not only a possibility but, if the present trend continues, a distinct probability. And somehow this prospect has helped produce a curious exchange of roles between the German parties—at least on the MLF question. At the American-German Conference in Berlin, George Ball was nonplused to find Freiherr von und zu Guttenberg, the most prominent CDU member present, volubly opposing the MLF, while the chief speaker for the parliamentary opposition, SPD Vice-Chairman Fritz Erler, distinguished himself as the project's strongest supporter. To be sure, any party in Germany aspiring to national leadership must demonstrate its "alliance-worthiness" with the United States, but the SPD's acceptance of the MLF is not simply an election-year gimmick. Most Social Democratic leaders regard the MLF as the best available means of thwarting French policy—particularly nuclear policy—in Europe.

The Socialists also regard the MLF as the best available means of providing a basis for future arms control and disarmament initiatives. In this the Germans' views coincide generally with those of the British Labour Party. At least one of the Labour government's goals in the present round of negotiations is to achieve a nuclear policy that will lend itself as an instrument for synchronizing disarmament proposals throughout the Alliance—with just enough independence to allow for unilateral leverage in future negotiations.

The political significance of a Socialist victory in Germany would thus be a matter of great moment throughout the Western Alliance. As a member of the staff of the Socialist International (with headquarters in London) put it recently: "You would have a solid bloc of Socialist countries in Scandinavia, a Labour government in Britain, a Social Democratic government in Germany (whether or not in coalition), the Socialists in permanent coalition in Austria, and a government in Italy steadily proceeding through an 'opening to the Left.' " The SPD would be the keystone of the arch.

Of more immediate significance, an SPD victory would give powerful stimulus to the policy of "change through closer relations" with East Germany. The primary foreign political allegiance of a German government under the Social Democrats would probably shift—as that of the party has already begun to shift as a result of British Labour's coming to power—from America to Britain. The stage would thus be set for a new emphasis on Socialist textbook solutions, particularly the pet British Labour projects of disengagement and a European denuclearized zone.

GERMANY is strategically the most important, economically the most powerful, and politically the weakest nation in Europe. With less than nine months to go before elections, a German government grown somewhat flabby from its years in office and divided against itself flounders on, beset not only by the increasing disapproval of the electorate but now, perhaps worst of all, by the disunity of its allies abroad.

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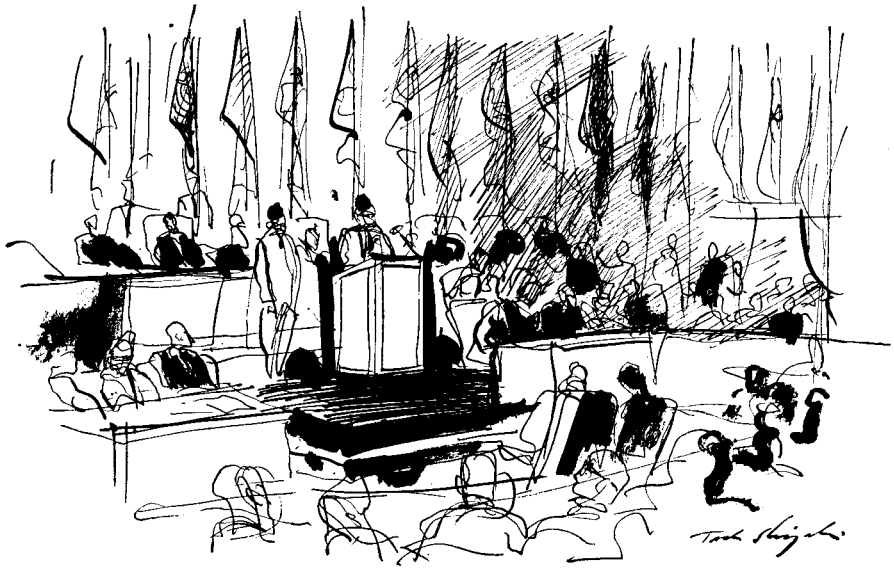

Financing the U.N.: Pressures and Principles

H. G. NICHOLAS

If you would probe the heart of an organization, look at its accounts. From the Charter of the United Nations to its bookkeeping is the distance between a beautiful theory and a brutal fact, between its hopes for the future and the drag of its past. The present financial crisis on the East River is a crisis about what the Charter means and what the organization is for.

In one sense the issue is trivial. By the standards of all western governments and many business corporations, the present U.N. deficit is a fleabite. The Ford Foundation could pick up the check tomorrow with only a modest reduction of its capital. But the cash value involved is no guide to the significance of the dispute. The true measure of its scale is the plight to which it has reduced that would-be Parliament of Man, the General Assembly. Not only has it had its opening delayed for two months, but when it does meet it has to operate under a regimen more suited to a chorus of angels than to a conference of sovereign states. The condition of its sitting is total agreement. Its presiding officer, Alex Quaison-Sackey of Ghana, had to be a unanimous choice; its discussions must not provoke a vote on any issue, even a procedural one. The Russians, it has frequently been charged, want to make of the U.N. a "mere" debating society. If so, they have succeeded beyond their wildest dreams, because the 19th General Assembly is thus far not able even to debate.

Which Articles Apply?

The conflicts that have produced this paralysis have their roots in profoundly divergent views of what is required of the U.N. membership by law, morality, and practical politics. Each side prays to the same God —in this case the Charter—but the prayers of neither can be answered fully. The West (that national entity which in this context includes Formosa but not France) contends that the *vox Dei* for this purpose is to be found in Articles 17 and 19; the East (a shifting coalition that sometimes embraces the Arab League as well as the Soviets and their satellites) finds its sacred texts in Chapter VII of the Charter, particularly in Articles 43 through 49.

The point at issue, the West contends, is essentially that of the debts for the U.N. operations in the Middle East and the Congo. The U.N. authorized these operations; the General Assembly, as empowered by Article 17, "apportioned" the expenses for them; its members must pay up or, if they do not, then Article 19 must take its automatic effect—i.e., they must lose their vote in the General Assembly. When the International Court of Justice handed down its advisory opinion in 1962 to the effect that the Suez and Congo operations were indeed "expenses of the Organization" as defined in Article 17, the last legal escape hatch had been closed; from then on, Article 19 had to take its course.

As far as it goes, the argument is good law, and it seemed so to nine of fourteen judges of the International Court. But it rests upon an earlier legal conclusion, namely, that the operations not paid for were themselves legitimate. It is to this point that the Soviet objection (and to a less logical degree the French) mainly addresses itself. The Russians begin with the contention that all U.N. military operations have been illegal. It was, they insist, to the Security Council that the Charter gave a monopoly of the use of force; moreover, it required that the organizing and deployment of such a force should be through the mechanism of the Military Staff Committee, a body consisting exclusively of the representatives of the Big Five. Since from the first the U.N. Emergency Force and soon the Congo operations came under the authority of the General Assembly and since the Secretary-General was the organization's chosen executive instrument, both operations, the Russians contend, were unauthorized.

This clash in legal views represents different concepts of what the U.N. should be. From the moment when the General Assembly adopted U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson's "Uniting for Peace" resolution of 1950, the organization was, in the Russians' eyes, subverted, and they

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have always resisted the transfer of power from the Council to the Assembly which it effected. Theirs is a U.N. in which the generality may debate but only a unanimous Big Five may act. Because from their point of view the U.N. has taken the wrong road, they are using their financial veto to bring it to heel. And because from the West's point of view it has gone the right way, we insist that taxation should follow the voting returns.

It is at this point, as often happens when lawyers clash, that the argument moves on to the higher plane of morality. There is first the very Anglo-Saxon appeal to the morality of the club; members who don't pay their dues deserve to be crossed off. But is the U.N. a club? In one sense it clearly is, and the good health of the organization does require that every member should pay at least *some* dues. But it is not just a club, or else deprivation of membership would not be the self-defeating sanction it so obviously is.

So the argument becomes one of fair sharing of common burdens. Is it fair that the United States should be forever bailing out an organization whose membership is almost as wide as the world? At present the United States contributes thirty-two per cent of the regular budget and has also voluntarily paid almost half of all the U.N.'s other expenses. Why, Congress asks (and lately has been encouraged by the Executive to ask), why should it be the United States that so often has to pick up the check?

Answers are as various as respondents, but the non-western world at least would agree in essence upon one reply: because the United Nations helps to preserve a world order in which the United States can thrive, one in which minor conflicts can be checked from spreading, one in which the comparative position of the well-to-do members of the international society has certainly not deteriorated. Broadly speaking, the United States has the United Nations it has paid for. And the Russians? They, broadly speaking, have had the United Nations that the Americans and their allies have contrived for them.

The truth is that at these altitudes the air becomes too thin to sustain much of the weight that American apologists have been entrusting to it. What may pass muster in Congress does not always sound so convincing by the East River. This has been particularly evident in these last few weeks of East-West probing and haggling, in which the outline of a probable East-West deal has begun to take shape before everyone's eyes. At a time when the U.S. is trying to get the defaulters to pay their dues for past operations of which they disapprove, it is also acknowledging the validity of some of their anxieties for the future. In a General Assembly of 115, the assured two-thirds majorities for American-sponsored measures no longer obtain. On many issues there have been demonstrations of indifference to American disapproval; to assert as a naked principle the Assembly's right to collect payment from the few for whatever operations or programs may appeal to the many is to carry democracy into a sphere where the U.S. taxpayer may be just as unhappy as the Soviet foreign ministry. There has thus developed a new community of interest between the two giants in restoring to the Security Council some of the power with which Acheson invested the Assembly at the time of the Korean War. For the future, in other words, the United States accepts the validity of some of the Soviet Union's objections to the past. And in this Great Britain and France would go along.

Although such a settlement will bring a salutary deflation of self-righteousness, the deal had better not be made merely in terms of the common interest which the rich (the great powers) always have in resisting the importunings of the poor (in U.N. language, the "economically less developed"). At a level which is neither that of pure law nor yet that of neat morality, the United States has a case which is an expression of its historic attitude to the world organization and which it will dilute or discard only at its peril.

A Law of Experience

A pragmatic people, accustomed to using lawyers as ingenious instruments for reconciling majority rule with an eighteenth-century Constitution, has little difficulty in conceiving of the U.N. Charter as a flexible instrument for the securing of certain agreed ends. It is in this spirit that the United States has masterminded the evolution of the Charter; it was the response of a live organism to successive challenges. The alternative was impotence and deadlock under the Soviet veto. In this the interests of the United States squared with those of the majority of the members, just as this style of approach chimed in with a habit of mind which set comparatively little store by legal niceties, which seldom bothered to specify under what clause of the Charter an action was taken, and often regarded a majority vote as a good substitute for a good legal case. The freedom thus provided was often used, notably by Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld, creatively and subtly, in a kind of gamble of faith, to provide an escape from the cul-de-sacs of great-power rivalries and small-power recklessnesses. It was also, upon occasion, abused, both in and out of the Assembly.

Yet when all criticism has been heard, the fact remains that it is this freedom, this finding the life of the law not in logic but in experience, that has given the U.N. its vitality in the past ten or twelve years. Correspondingly, it is when the West has rested its case on these "felt necessities" of our time that it has been most effective.

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A Bowl of Gumbo For Curtis Bryant

PAUL GOOD

A RAILROAD CRANEMAN named Curtis Bryant was served a bowl of gumbo in a motel restaurant here on November 18. For the first time in memory, a Negro was eating in a restaurant on the main street of McComb and getting courteous service to boot. "The waitress smiled and said 'Thank you,' " according to Bryant, president of the local NAACP. "She even asked us to come back."

Ten weeks before, this would have been unthinkable. At that time, McComb, with a population of some nine thousand whites and four thousand Negroes, was the church-burning capital of America, four Negro churches having been destroyed by bombs from April to mid-September. Fourteen other buildings—a shop, three taverns, and houses belonging to Negroes—had either been bombed or set on fire during the same period. All this and more was the extremists' response to renewed efforts by the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) to register Negro voters and desegregate McComb. "Wipe out the nests and the rats will run away," explained one McComb Klansman.

COFO is the title under which CORE, the NAACP, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) have operated in Mississippi. It has been largely a SNCC operation, to the annoyance of some in the national NAACP, which will decide next month whether to withdraw from COFO because of ideological differences. SNCC has been active in McComb since 1961, when a voter-registration project collapsed in an atmosphere of intimidation and harassment. By the end of that summer, the white citizens of McComb had become thoroughly aroused.

In 1962, part of the "better element" in McComb joined with extremists in electing a new, strongly segregationist city government, led by Mayor Gordon Burt, Jr., county chairman of the Citizens Council. The sale of firearms had increased enormously and it seemed that everyone had a loaded shotgun in his house. A chapter of Americans for the Preservation of the White Race was formed, and Ku Klux Klan memberships greatly increased as younger men lost patience with the legalisms of the Citizens Council.

The first explosion last April involved a barbershop belonging to Curtis Bryant. With the summer came an enlarged force of students and professional civil-rights workers to set up a Freedom House in the Negro section of McComb. And the COFO installation soon became a target in the wave of violence that followed.

"You have no idea how bad it was," recalled Newton James, a leading white insurance broker who finally helped rally citizens to end the violence but nonetheless remains a segregationist. "You literally couldn't talk to your friends because you didn't know if they were with the Klan—if not doing the bombings, then directing them. And if you talked against violence, your house could have been next."

Integrating the Economy

What happened in McComb between September and November? And what are the possible meanings of the McComb story for civil rights in the rest of the Deep South?

Oliver Emmerich, the sixty-six-year-old publisher of the McComb *Enterprise-Journal* and for a long while the only open advocate of public responsibility in McComb, explains that it all began when local people first raised reward money to find the bombers. "You see, you couldn't do anything while the bombings were going on," he said. "People were panicky, bewildered. You had to stop the violence and there had to be time for the community to pull itself together."

An appeal for contributions toward

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a $2,500 reward was printed in the *Enterprise-Journal* one Friday in late September and by Monday it was oversubscribed. The fact that $5,000 was easily raised was the first clear indication that a sizable number of McComb's citizens were disgusted with terrorism. Moreover, the reward was instrumental in the apprehension of the bombers by a city-county-state-FBI team.

Emmerich, a complex man who sometimes writes deceptively folksy columns, then embarked on an editorial campaign to get people thinking responsibly on broader issues. On October 14, when neighbors still were afraid to talk openly to each other—as indeed many still are—he wrote: ". . . many of our people inexorably must share in the responsibility for violence even though they may not have been near the scene of the violence. The individual who in his own heart has said to himself or herself, 'I'm glad it happened,' must accept part of the blame for strife and chaos. Any citizen who has condoned violence, who has found in strife an expression of harbored personal hate or has applauded strife when it happened, has helped to create the atmosphere in which it thrives. It is a matter of both community and personal conscience."

It was also getting to be a matter of the pocketbook. Business was off twenty per cent in McComb, and fifteen firms that had sent out feelers about establishing plants there retracted them because of the racial chaos. Federal reprisals against McComb government suppliers were rumored (this threat is still alive). Emmerich repeatedly reminded his readers of this national reaction to McComb. And he went further by calling for an end to the master-servant relationship between whites and Negroes and for the inclusion of Negroes in the economy in a meaningful way.

He did not take up COFO in his editorials, but privately he said: "They came in here with terrible advance billing. People really expected an invasion, fighting in the streets. Everybody was arming. Then, a lot of the [civil-rights] workers looked and dressed like beatniks, seeming to go out of their way to stress their difference, their hostility to local ways. I'm not saying all, now. I know there are some dedicated people out there. Finally, you had this thing of white girls and Negro boys living in the same house, unchaperoned. Now that just doesn't go in Mississippi. And I'm not too sure it would go in New York. All these things rapidly developed a climate of violence in a segment of the population that would bomb and burn for perhaps other reasons if race wasn't the issue."

In the past year, four white roadhouses and one billiard parlor were destroyed in the McComb area, apparently by opponents of drinking and "sin." "You know," Mayor Burt explained, "people here in Mississippi believe in doin' things the direct way. Those night spots, what were they? Places where drunks and troublemakers hang out. So today they're not there. Now isn't that better?"

THROUGHOUT October, the SNCC group cast a cynical eye on Emmerich's efforts. The SNCC leaders felt that the editorials were aimed at ending violence only to salvage the city's economic life. They saw a plot brewing in the white community to cut them out of the picture so that the "power structure" could deal with older, more tractable Negro leaders. The SNCC people clearly included NAACP President Curtis Bryant among these.

COFO pushed on with church meetings, attracting substantial members of the Negro community who, not knowing if the bombings would resume, were risking a great deal. "Many times," said Jesse Harris, the twenty-two-year-old head of Freedom House, "two generations will work to get a house paid off. So a house represents a lot of blood, sweat, hope, and—well—tears."

At one rally, a sturdy, dignified railroad worker named T. J. Marshall told the audience: "If there's nothin' to COFO, there's nothin' to you, me, or anybody else. We sing, 'Before I'd be a slave I'd be buried in my grave an' go home to my Lord an' be free.' Now if you don't mean it, don't sing it."

Toward the end of October, COFO pressed a so-called Freedom Day voter-registration drive, leading to two dozen arrests of white Northern ministers and local Negroes, including a ninety-four-year-old preacher and his wife. Tension increased noticeably.

In another part of town, also toward the end of October, four white businessmen, standing around drinking Cokes and shaking their heads over how bad things had gotten, were suddenly seized with the urge to do something about it. "You see," said one of the men, who prefers to remain anonymous, "people had been waiting for officials to take the lead, and they weren't doing anything. Mayor Burt played along with the racists. Police Chief George Guy is under orders of Commissioner Phil Brady, and you can't talk to Brady on the subject of race. So the men realized that the people were going to have to do something on their own."

A secret meeting was scheduled, with each of the four men to bring a few carefully chosen friends. Twenty-five men showed up. Oliver Emmerich, whose editorials had helped create an atmosphere that made activity possible, remained on the sidelines; he was considered too radical by too many McComb people.

"It was a cross-section of the community," one of those who attended that first meeting has recalled. "A few were there to see what was going on and never came back. But most were sincere. They got up and spoke openly about things that could have wrecked them financially through boycotts. They dragged things out of themselves they had thought but never said before. Certainly our economic troubles were part of the motivation. But you don't get that kind of morale, that kind of moral commitment, purely from economics...."

The man who described the meeting made it clear that he is a segregationist. "And ninety-nine per cent of the others feel as I do," he said. But in the next breath he conceded: "We were ashamed. I guess that's the word, we were ashamed. We realized that these poor people have problems and we haven't met their needs. I read a book once about an alcoholic. They have to hit bottom before they can bounce back, and I guess that's applicable in our case."

Three more meetings were held, each a little larger. The growing group called itself Citizens for Progress. Soon a statement on "law and order" was circulating for signatures.

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Secrecy, of course, could no longer be maintained.

About a week after the national election in November, the NAACP announced that it was sending workers in to desegregate McComb on November 18. Mayor Gordon Burt and others, having heard of the statement circulated by the Citizens for Progress and worried by the impending desegregation test, proposed a counterstatement. While upholding law and order, it defiantly attacked COFO.

"And that," said a man who read the counterstatement, "was just what we didn't need or want. That would have set us all the way back to where we had been."

IT BECAME known that members of the Ku Klux Klan had infiltrated the citizens' group. In the words of one committee member, "Things became a little sticky." A meeting was called at City Hall for all sympathizers. The sponsors knew that if the turnout was sparse, people might lose their nerve and disavow the committee. But more than five hundred showed up and convinced Mayor Burt that they meant business.

On November 17, Citizens for Progress ran its statement as a full-page ad in the McComb *Enterprise-Journal*, signed by 650 men and women. It said in part:

"The great majority of our citizens believe in law and order and are against violence of any kind. In spite of this, acts of terrorism have been committed numerous times against citizens both Negro and white.

"We believe the time has come for responsible people to speak out for what is right and against what is wrong. . . .

"There is only one responsible stance we can take: and that is for equal treatment under the law for all citizens regardless of race, creed, position or wealth; for making our protests within the framework of the law; and for obeying the laws of the land regardless of our personal feelings. Certain of these laws may be contrary to our traditions, customs or beliefs, but as God-fearing men and women, and as citizens of these United States, we see no other honorable course to follow."

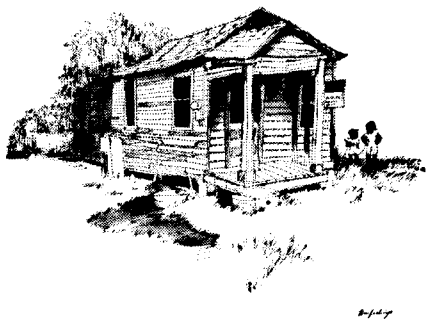
The statement went on to make specific recommendations, including the reopening of communications between whites and Negroes and an end to "harassment" arrests.

Mayor Burt finally went along and even issued a strong plea for orderly behavior on the eve of the desegregation test. Auxiliary police and state reinforcements were mobilized.

The ground had been so carefully prepared that the actual testing on Wednesday, November 18, might have seemed anticlimactic except for the fact that it took place in McComb. Charles Evers, who took his brother's place as Mississippi field secretary for the NAACP after Medgar Evers was killed by a sniper, came down from Jackson with half a dozen people. They joined seventeen local Negroes led by Curtis Bryant. Within a few hours and under police guard, they had "desegregated" the Continental Motel, a Woolworth counter, the bus station, the Palace Theater, and the Holiday Inn. Desegregated them for the day, at least. There were no firm NAACP plans to follow up.

Charles Evers registered at the Holiday Inn as its first Negro guest. While police patrolled the area, he and Bryant talked to a reporter in the parking lot. There was a large field with a pine woods behind them, and police had discussed the vantage it would give a sniper.

"It went surprisingly well," Evers said, looking around and over his shoulder and at cars passing on Route 55. "We hope the local people will



continue. We in NAACP don't believe in continuing these things. I think it's the local citizens, Negroes and whites working together, that can rid McComb of the name it possesses."

"That's correct," agreed Bryant, whose home had been guarded since June and who had been threatened with death only five days before. "You know, Mississippi gets millions of dollars a year from the Federal government. I think people are beginning to see the handwriting on the wall."

Charles Evers was premature in his plans for Negroes and whites to work together. The establishment of any more or less formal biracial committee seems a long way off, although there were a few meetings of Negro and white individuals in the period before the tests were carried out. And any biracial committee would have to puzzle over a rather important unanswered question: Who will speak for the Negroes? According to Jesse Harris, the NAACP had not even informed COFO that the test was to be made and had not invited its participation. "But if anybody got beat up," he went on, "and they wanted kids to demonstrate, they would have called us."

Back to the Mainstream

The COFO people did invite themselves to an NAACP church meeting to mark the day's history. Outside, a white SNCC member who presumably reflected the outlook of the whole group said: "We spent all summer getting our heads knocked off to get the community moving, something N-double-A couldn't or wouldn't do, and now they want the leadership. Actually, we're not interested in participating in things like today. Listen, there's a whole structure that has to be turned upside down, not just narrow 'mixing' gains. So a Negro eats in a motel. So what? Will he come back tomorrow? Can he afford to? The problem is getting people determined to force the issue on better jobs and voting rights that will establish them as first-class citizens, not to waste energies with this frosting-on-the-cake of a room at the Holiday while people are living in shacks and starving."

He went inside; a COFO chant bounced out the window: "Two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar. All for freedom stand up and holler." Mayor Burt arrived, thinking of addressing the congregation. He decided not to when he learned that COFO was represented. "I could go in there," said the mayor, "and I'd have them agreeing with me in a minute. See, we want to split off these people from that COFO bunch. All there is in that Freedom House is a black-and-white orgy. That's all. Now all of this is going to die down. Those people

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aren't going to keep coming down from Jackson like they did today. And these local people on their own, why, they ain't about to do anything."

The mayor of McComb may or may not speak for the majority of the people of McComb. Citizens for Progress is now trying to determine just who *is* in the majority—those who favor segregation at any cost or those who want some kind of peaceful contact between the races.

"The trouble is," one signer of the declaration has said, "we represent the bosses, the middle and upper level. The people who run the Klan are trying to manipulate the workers against us. And there are more workers than bosses."

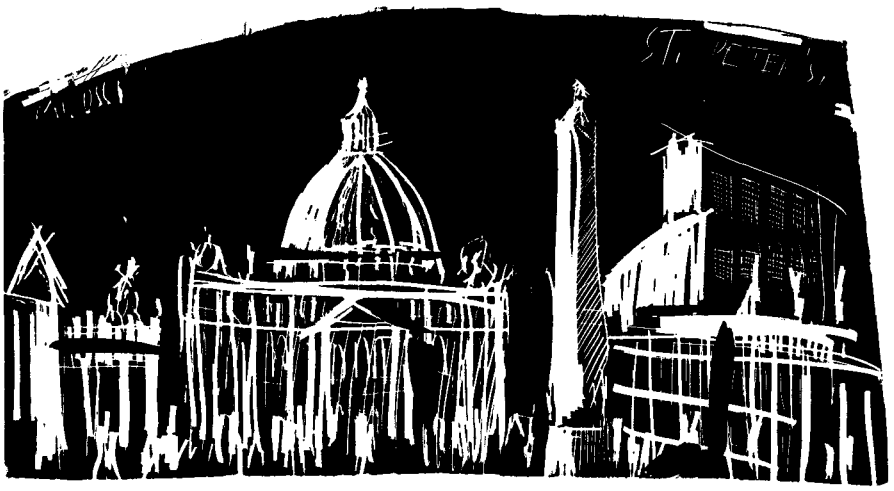
Citizens for Progress is determined to reconstruct the political life of the city. Committees have been appointed to revive an atrophied jury system that has excluded not only Negroes but many substantial whites, filling the jury box instead with the same people over and over again. Other committees will press to have members of subversive groups such as the Klan removed from city payrolls. And it is known that negotiations are under way with factory owners to start hiring qualified Negroes on the same pay level with whites.

But minds that for generations have thought of Negroes in terms of yardmen or tenant farmers will be hard pressed even to comprehend the scope of the economic revolution COFO has in mind. Many of the Citizens for Progress, in fact, want COFO out of town, preferring to deal paternalistically with properly humble Negroes. Others say they can and will deal in the realities of today.

The real significance of what has happened in McComb will become apparent as tangible results are or are not produced. But already, Curtis Bryant's bowl of gumbo has shown that even in the worst pockets of Deep South bigotry, there are at least a few men of reason anxious to act in a constructive way.

So far, the only retaliation has been a shot fired through the *Enterprise-Journal* window. But Oliver Emmerich does not scare easily.

"What we are going to do," he said flatly, "is nothing less than to bring McComb back into the mainstream of American life."



The Pope, the Bishops, And Edward Gibbon

OSBERT HASTINGS

ROME

THE SUN shone on the flaking gilt of Marcus Aurelius's horse that bright autumn day which marked the two hundredth anniversary of Edward Gibbon's inspiration in the same square to write *The Decline and Fall*. He loved his pagan emperors. And he found Christians thoroughly distasteful, although it was they who mistakenly spared this statue dominating the Capitol in the belief that it represented Constantine, leaving it to stand as the one surviving equestrian bronze of a pagan Caesar in Rome. Behind him are those ruins of the Capitol and the Forum through which the historian walked "with a lofty step" in the autumn of 1764 to find, in a rare moment of enthusiasm, the resolve to write his work.

"Isn't it marvelous?"—this is one of the last of the season's tourists looking at the Forum—"Isn't it marvelous that it still stands up?" Well, people have to say something, but it is not the best remark to make within hearing of a possible shade of Gibbon returned to look at the old place.

Without much doubt he would like to be back—even though his reappearance would ruin his own frank disbelief in an afterlife. (With eighteenth-century skepticism, he would have looked forward to nothing more after death than fame and a secure place on the Index of prohibited books.) And if he did return he would have seen the Roman Catholic Church, which won his most flashing scorn, facing up to its place in the modern world. Two thousand prelates in St. Peter's were over the worst of their difficulties at the end of this third session of the Vatican Council on November 21 and had sustained the culminating debate on how the Church should face the needs and the problems of contemporary life.

Of course Gibbon had seen it all before; in his vanity he might at first have thought it not worth while to put on one of his flowered velvet jackets, pick up the handbag and sword he affected, snap shut the lid of his snuffbox in contented self-admiration, and slip back to see what was happening. He might simply recall his own final dictum on General Councils, that "The progress of time and superstition erased the memory of the weakness, the passion, the ignorance, which disgraced these ecclesiastical Synods. . . ." But he could be man enough to put aside his prejudice against Christianity when the need arose, and could well have done so on this two hundredth anniversary if he cared to look about him.

"The condition of the human race

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was most happy and prosperous" under Marcus Aurelius and his like, Gibbon believed. Today for something on the imperial scale it is the prelates to whom one must turn, to the representatives of a Church that has spread far beyond the boundaries of the Roman Empire to continents unknown to the emperors. It is a commonplace that the Christian Church, with its center of power in Rome ("From every cause, either of a civil or of an ecclesiastical nature, it was easy to foresee that Rome must enjoy the respect, and would soon claim the obedience, of the provinces"), became the heir of the Roman Empire. And it is just as common knowledge that Gibbon, for all the respect he claimed for ancient Rome, implicitly rejected the idea of putting Christianity among the elements in the process of imperial decay, seeing it instead as a somewhat benighted aspect of the Dark Ages to come.

'The People of God'

"The outcry of the Bishops," he recorded in a private letter after the publication of his volume dealing with the rise of Christianity, "and of a great number of ladies respectable equally for their age and their enlightenment has been raised against me." Quite understandably, because he was unkind to bishops. Gibbon would have had little but a cynical smile for the passages in the decree *De Ecclesia* promulgated by the Pope on November 21 defining acceptance of the idea of an episcopal college. In fact, he might have wondered why they were going through all this again. He had found the idea fairly clearly existing among third-century bishops (those prelates who "imperceptibly changed the language of exhortation into that of command, scattered the seeds of future usurpations, and supplied, by scripture allegories and declamatory rhetoric, their deficiency of force and reason"). Those long-departed bishops went on to exalt the unity and power of the Church, "as it was represented in the episcopal office of which every Bishop enjoyed an equal and undivided portion. Princes and magistrates, it was often repeated, might boast an earthly claim to a transitory dominion: it was the episcopal authority alone which was derived from the deity and extended itself over this and over another world." *De Ecclesia* put the matter in rather different terms, recognizing the "full and sovereign" authority of the episcopal college—with the Pope at its head, of course—over the government of the Universal Church. This part of the decree suffered a little from the odd fact that unexplained changes had been made in its wording after it had been approved in an earlier vote. At one stage in the debate it

somehow lost its "full," but got it back again after the Council had expressed its indignation.

This was all at about the time when several unfortunate little intrigues gave the Council a genuinely Gibbonian atmosphere—among them the false issue of instructions in what appeared to be the name of the Pope. In a few words, two letters were addressed to Cardinal Bea, head of the Vatican's Secretariat for Christian Unity; one stated that the declaration on the Jews was to be drastically cut and inserted into *De Ecclesia* and the other that the declaration on religious liberty (both documents valued mainly by the progressives) should be revised by a new commission weighted in the conservative direction. Cardinal Bea soon satisfied himself that neither was the Pope's intention, and a group of largely Western European cardinals met at the lodgings of Cardinal Alfrink, Archbishop of Utrecht, to draw up an appeal to the Pope said to have started with the phrase *cum dolorem magnum,* to show that there was sorrow as well as anger. There the affair ended.

Or nearly: details of the worries of Cardinal Alfrink and his friends were made public by a South American ecclesiastical news service. (There was a South American cardinal present.) There were protests against their publication. The layman who directed the service under ecclesiastical authority was dismissed. It was an ill-timed act; the Council had arrived at its debate on the position of laymen and many a bishop was calling for greater respect and greater responsibilities for them. ("The progress of the ecclesiastical authority," said Gibbon, "gave birth to the memorable distinction of the laity and of the clergy, which had been unknown to the Greeks and Romans.") But here Gibbon would have been on unfamiliar ground, the reverse of what he might have expected. After the bishops had dealt with their own powers, they turned with some enthusiasm to give the laity a more prominent place. Suggestions were heard such as those calling for greater use of the laity in the Curia to replace priests; Archbishop d'Souza of Bhopal went so far as to propose that they be Papal diplomatists.

Only the laymen present as observers in the Council seemed uncertain about an enhancement of their own status and were divided among themselves as to how far they should really aspire. Whether or not the laymen do in the end manage to make use of the generous offers coming their way from the bishops, they—and everyone else for that matter—can look to *De Ecclesia* with the satisfaction of seeing that by "the Church" it means "the people of God." It says so in as many words. It is a broad view, much broader than what Gibbon had to say on the subject of laity and clergy: "The former of these appellations

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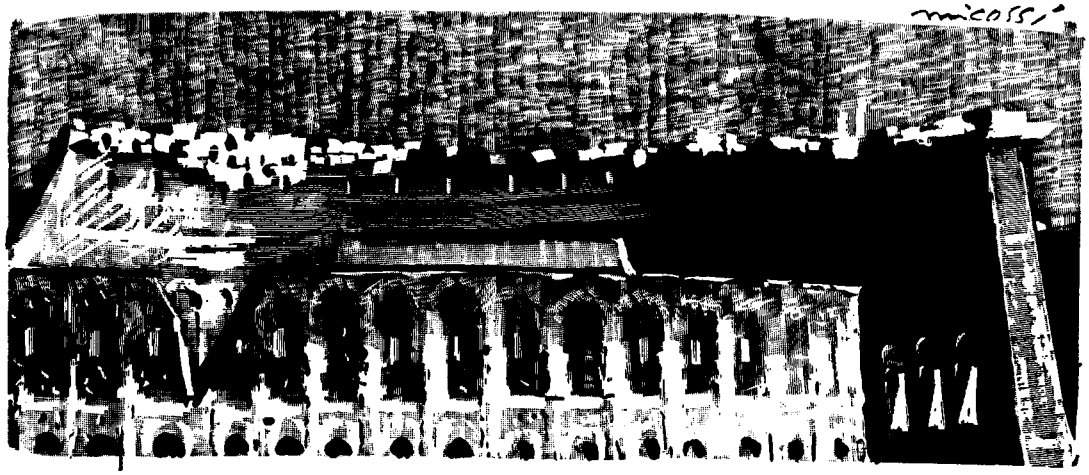
comprehended the body of the Christian people: the latter, according to the signification of the word, was appropriated to the chosen portion that had been set apart for the service to religion, a celebrated order of men which has furnished the most important, though not always the most edifying, subjects for modern history." There is no wonder that Cardinal Newman, while admitting that Gibbon was the "chief, perhaps the only English writer who has any claim to be considered an ecclesiastical historian," prefaced his remark with the words: "It is melancholy to say it but . . ."



Keeping Up to Date

There have been two outstanding points at this third session of the Council that Gibbon, had he been recording it for history, would be obliged to acknowledge, even with an accompanying skepticism. First, acceptance of the idea of episcopal collegiality completed the work of the First Vatican Council (1869-70) on the government of the Church by supplementing the decrees on Papal infallibility and supremacy with a definition of episcopal status. Second, by its debate on the last document of outstanding importance—the famous thirteenth draft—the Council became the first in the history of the Christian Church to work out a sensible method of keeping up to date with modern problems.

This is the draft called "The Church in the Modern World." It was the most difficult document to prepare. It was hedged with such worries as how to offer guidance without giving the impression that the Church knows the answers to all modern problems; how to phrase a document so accurately that it would reflect the worries and perplexities of the Africans, Asians, or Latin Americans as well as of Anglo-Saxons and Europeans in general; how to avoid emerging as a disappointment; how to allude to such questions as hunger, birth control, and nuclear weapons, but only so far as to give an attitude, not an exhaustive answer.

It was historic. But there were complete differences of opinion, even on its value as a basis for discussion. For Cardinal Spellman this was the culminating moment of the Council, epitomizing all the hopes set upon it. Dr. Heenan, the Archbishop of Westminster, dismissed it as a "set of platitudes," calling for a new drafting commission to be given several years to try again and do better the next time. There were speeches of real nobility, such as the plea from Cardinal Lercaro to put aside fear and face this difficult debate ("We have promised and must keep our word"), and the appeals for a fresh look at the theology of marriage from the Melchite Patriarch Maximus IV Saigh of Antioch; from Cardinal Suenens, Archbishop of Malines-Brussels; and from Cardinal Léger, Archbishop of Montreal. There was rather harsh insistence on the old ways from Cardinal Ruffini, the Archbishop of Palermo, and a beautifully delivered, practically impromptu piece of oratory in Latin from the formidable Cardinal Ottaviani, Secretary of the Holy Office, who begged the fathers not to forget Divine Providence, not to encourage a questioning of Divine Providence, which had never, he assured them, been questioned by his own parents, who had had eleven children, he being the tenth.

The conclusion of this debate on the thirteenth draft will come at the fourth session after an adjournment for more thought and a lot more revision. What was actually completed at this last session was notable enough, certainly enough to make a cynic wince. Apart from *De Ecclesia* there was the decree on the eastern churches in communion with Rome aimed at making their relations with their Orthodox neighbors more agreeable. The session had come out heavily in favor of the declaration on the Jews and other non-Christians and, if denied a vote on the draft dealing with religious liberty, had informally expressed its mind so clearly that no one doubts the next session will effect this historic turning of the page.

Perhaps this draft dealing with religious liberty was the most radical issue facing the Council and one on which the Pope's intervention gives the measure of the man. He was faced in the closing few days of the session with two petitions. One of them was signed by about 120 conservative bishops who, adducing the rules of procedure, wished to put off a vote on religious liberty till the next session. This petition, after uncertain handling by the Council's presidency board, was accepted. Some thousand angry bishops led by the North American hierarchs petitioned the Pope for a reversal of the decision. He kept scrupulously to the rules, upholding

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the petition of the minority. By doing so, he in no way prejudiced the cause of religious liberty—he is known privately to approve the draft—but postponed acceptance of the declaration for a year or so. Any doubts about the Council's feeling on the issue itself were swept away on the morning of November 19, when Bishop de Smedt of Bruges introduced the statement on religious liberty with a speech of great force and eloquence; the reception he was given, the clapping and cheering, the applause as he spoke, and the ovation at the end were like a lyrically emotional first night in one of the greatest theatres of the world.

The Pope was promptly condemned in some of the press and elsewhere for having placed his weight with the conservatives, thus reviving the pretensions of an obstinate minority. And there was further criticism when he closed the session with a speech devoted for about a third of its length to the Virgin Mary. He was himself profoundly shocked and disappointed at this reaction.

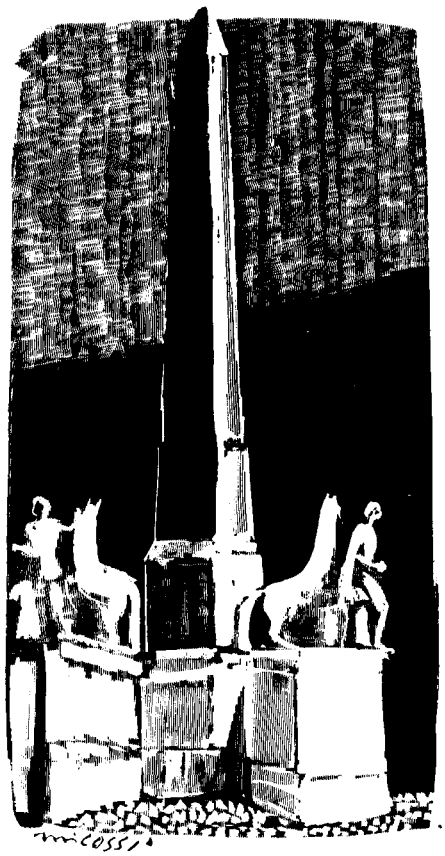
Knowing When to Wait

Skepticism ceases to be useful in any attempted account of what the Pope did and what he had uppermost in his mind. Balance was required of him, on two different sets of scales. The first was the balance between his own primacy and the newly defined power of the bishops in *De Ecclesia*. The second was the balance between the moderate-to-progressive majority and a rather desperately conservative minority. At times the two balancings seemed to converge, but from the Pope's point of view they are better kept separate.

A majority of bishops was for greater powers and a far-reaching definition of episcopal authority. The Pope showed by words and gestures that he approved of the idea of a college of bishops. At the same time he would not allow an encroachment on his own office. This brought him to an insistence on his primacy in speeches and writings. The effect is that *De Ecclesia* gives the bishops what they wanted—and the Pope wanted them to have—while permitting no argument about Papal supremacy.

Had he ever been inclined to overlook the possible effect of collegiality on his own office, he would soon have had the connection pointed out. The conservative minority disliked it from the start, and opposed it nearly to the finish. The strength of this group was that many of its leading figures were personalities of the Curia. This meant that they extolled the Papal supremacy under whose shadow they themselves have handled the centralized machinery of the Church and had more than usual facilities for being in contact with the Pope himself. But their arguments that the supremacy was being jeopardized and that, to protect his office, he must oppose collegiality or substantially reduce it were rejected.

The progressives carried the day. On the whole they carried the whole



session, for the ecumenism decree is marked by the same broad vision as *De Ecclesia*. The Pope had protected his office from incursions; he also set out to protect the rival groupings from each other. The length of the Marian passages of his closing speech and Mary's new title of Mother of the Church were evidently calculated to appeal to the men who disliked the decrees just promulgated (with loyally large majorities).

These majorities were the measure of the Pope's success. And he will surely be given the same overwhelming support for the document on religious liberty. He knows his Council—he was a member of it himself before his election. A few more months need make no difference to those who accept the principle of religious freedom but could give time for real thought to those who are unhappy about it. There are a number of such men in the Italian and Spanish hierarchies and elsewhere. Since the Council began, and because of the Council, they have learned to walk in that direction; they have not yet learned to run.

THE POPE's own attitude on innovation may be surmised from his decision to fly to India, the first Pontiff, of course, ever to have gone so far afield. Christianity was there in India not much later than the death of Constantine. Quite apart from the Christian connection, Constantine received an embassy from India to congratulate him on the peace and prosperity of his reign: Gibbon tells us this, and that they presented the emperor with shining jewels and strange animals. It was the opposite of the Pope's own gesture on November 13 when he symbolized his wish for less external grandeur and more thought for the hungry by giving away his triple crown.

It is enough to make skepticism downright uncomfortable. One can imagine a velvet-clad spirit, with sword and bag, looking perhaps for a little comfort to the statue of Marcus Aurelius, one of the best of his pagan emperors, preserved in effigy because the Christians thought he was Constantine. Rome can still provide its compensations, even for the author of *The Decline and Fall.*

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'Hello! Wonderful! The World Is One'

RAFAEL STEINBERG

TOKYO

IN THE ENTHUSIASM of preparing for the 1964 Olympics, only a few professional grouches among the Japanese dared question whether their country could really afford such a lavish show. The attitude of most of the country was summed up by the festive words of the "Song of the Sacred Olympic Flame," which was taught to schoolchildren and geisha up and down the land:

To cherry blossom Japan, to the Olympics
Come the Honorable Guests . . .
To the burning sacred flame,
To the five-ring mark
With the splendid colors of ten thousand flags.
"*Hello! Wonderful!*" The world is one.

A new folk-dance step was constructed to go with the song, with gestures to suggest runners, weight throwers, and the flame itself; and on the night before the Olympics began, 1,200 members of the Tokyo Mothers' Federation (including, inexplicably, a few dozen men) put on pink and blue kimonos and performed it under floodlights at the Korahuen baseball park. At that moment, the sacred flame itself was burning on the broad plaza in front of the Emperor's palace, on the site where, in 1945, a group of superpatriots had disemboweled themselves upon learning of Japan's surrender. On the same plaza, on May Day, 1952, Communist-led students and workers rioted wildly, setting fire to cars, smashing property, attacking police and Americans in a post-Occupation outbreak of violence. And it was the same spot where, on January 2, 1954, thousands of New Year celebrants in holiday finery had panicked at the notion that the gates to the palace would close before they could get across the Double Bridge to wish the Emperor a happy New Year, and had crushed sixteen people to death in the ensuing stampede.

But the fire that flickered over this spot on Olympic Eve was the peaceful flame of Greece, and busloads and carloads of Japanese (controlled by a series of police barriers) streamed by to gaze at it. They lifted bewildered children high on their shoulders, and marveled at the glory that had come to their land from the other side of the world.

Obviously, they thought, preparations for the Olympics would indeed be wonderfully worth every yen, since thousands of *gaijin* (foreigners) would come to say "hello" and would take home with them fond memories of Japan's culture—and trunks bulging with Japan's goods.

Modified Rapture

But it didn't quite work out that way. The Olympics *were* wonderful, of course. Everyone admired the gymnasiums and stadiums. The ceremonials, too, went off with split-second precision, the hospitality was generous, traffic flowed smoothly, programs and scoreboards were easy to read, and multilingual direction signs and symbols made it difficult for anyone to get lost. Practically every contingency had been foreseen by the methodical Japanese and there was a plan to cope with it.

The Japanese themselves were beside themselves with rapture; the national spree rollicked on all through the games. More than a million spectators, for example, turned out with box lunches of rice and seafood and vacuum mugs of green tea to line the route of the marathon, although six television stations were broadcasting the event from start to finish. All through the games, the streets around the Olympic sites were jammed with thousands of autograph seekers, and it seemed that every college student in Tokyo converged on the Ginza on the Saturday night midway through the Olympic period. "May I speak with you, sir?" they asked all westerners, in halting but understandable English. "I want to practice my English."

Even the underworld was caught up in the Olympic *moodo*. Gang leaders, at police suggestion, urged their followers to lie low for the duration. One thief who robbed a parked car of a bundle that turned out to contain several hundred Olympic tickets returned them with an anonymous note of apology when he read in the papers the next day that the tickets were for a group of sixth-graders who had saved their pocket money for two years to buy them through the education ministry.

The rest of the Japanese followed their team's fortunes with such devotion that when Japan's best swimming hope, Satoko Tanaka, failed to win the ladies' backstroke race, one tipsy Yokohama cabaret girl staggered out to the waterfront crying "Satoko, why did you lose?" and threw herself into the sea with a shout of "Let me swim it for you, Satoko!" Luckily, a couple of seamen saw her and pulled her, sober now, to shore.

Pachinko proprietors were so convinced that the world is one that they invested in exotic posters to lure *gaijin* tourists to their idiotic vertical pinball game, which absorbs the spare change and idle hours of millions of bored working-class Japanese. The posters, with a photograph of a ravishing girl and a shiny pachinko ball, assured all English-reading passersby:

One little ball will help kill your spare time.
You can play the game for fun alone,
Play it in duet for a happier pleasure, won't you . . . ?
Little thrilling excitement
That this play creates
Will stay in your heart together
With your memories of scenic sights
And noted places of Japan . . .

But when the Olympic flame was extinguished, the flags hauled down, and the last little bargirl waved a tearful good-bye to her muscular friend of the last chartered jet,

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something happened. Japanese are still standing in long lines to buy commemorative coins and stamps, but the broad streets around the Olympic village and stadium are strangely empty of traffic, the multilingual signs and the pachinko posters have disappeared, and small boys are flying kites in the parking lots. When riot cops broke up a leftist demonstration the other day, the students taunted them, "That's right, get tough, the Olympics are over." Japan, like the girl in Yokohama harbor, has sobered up.

WAS IT worth it? The governor of Tokyo, Ryutaro Azuma, delighted with the games themselves and with the road and rail construction completed in the Olympic name, declared that now his city must seek a new goal. "Open your eyes, governor," wrote a columnist in the *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan's leading daily. "Tokyo built the world's most extravagant gymnasium, but the people living in the residential areas of the city don't even have sewers. Governor Azuma should be well aware . . . of the dire shortage of housing, the dirty rivers, the bad condition of those streets that are not 'Olympic highways,' and the fact that these are the adverse effects of the concentration on the Olympic Games these last few years. . . ."

Something like a balance sheet has emerged. Flagmakers and photographic film producers did what one PR man, proud of his newly acquired American idioms, called a "landslide office business." (One film company boasted of $4 million in direct Olympic sales.) But department stores, taxi drivers, innkeepers, and nightclub owners are trying to figure out how to recoup their losses.

One Ginza department store, for instance, spent about $7 million on a pre-Olympic facelift, but estimated that increased sales as a direct result of the games amounted to less than $300,000. Three thousand extra taxis were brought into Tokyo for the month of October, and the Taxi Association paid out $40,000 for free English guidebooks for their passengers, but there just weren't enough foreign visitors to make it all worthwhile. "I've been studying English for months," one driver lamented, "and I didn't pick up a single *gaijin* during the whole Olympics." Another cabby did get some tourist business, but *he* complained that "The foreigners had obviously heard about

our 'no-tip' system, and they were careful to pay only what the meter read. But many of our Japanese customers, especially those we pick up at night in the amusement areas, do tip us handsomely."

The amusement areas themselves suffered a crushing Olympic slump, as millions of habitual carousers rushed home to their TV sets every night for two weeks. Tokyo's western-style hotels were full, but they generally are in October anyway. Perhaps the businessmen hardest hit were the proprietors of hundreds of small Japanese-style inns who turned away their regular groups of school and women's-club sightseers from the provinces in order to leave room for Olympic visitors who never showed.

The Optimistic Organizers

The trouble was the one contingency that had not been foreseen: the Japanese Olympic Organizing Committee, possibly to justify the expense of preparation, possibly in honest error, or possibly misled by hotel owners seeking government construction subsidies, had vastly overestimated the number of overseas visitors. Basing their calculations on the visitors to Rome in 1960, and ignoring or forgetting how much more expensive it is to get to Tokyo from most of the world's Olympic-minded nations, they announced that 130,000 foreigners could be expected. To handle this mass, new hotels were built, inns remodeled, rooms prepared in private homes, hotel ships ordered. Hoteliers and limousine companies in Kyoto and other outlying areas also turned down regular customers in breathless expectation of an Olympic rush that never materialized.

Excluding athletes, officials, and newsmen, the government now sadly admits that fewer than twenty thousand visitors came to Japan for the Olympics, not much more than the ordinary autumn tourist influx. And very few of the Olympic visitors were the sort who were interested in visiting temples in Kyoto, spending lavishly in stores and night clubs, or even in going to the magnificent Olympic exhibit of Oriental art that the Organizing Committee put together in Tokyo.

Even the price of eggs was affected. Knowing that *gaijin* always eat eggs for breakfast and assured that there would be scores of thousands of egg eaters in Tokyo for weeks, poultry wholesalers in the capital stocked up. The post-Olympic egg surplus pushed the price of eggs down by more than a third, and many small outfits that had put too many into their Olympic basket came close to ruin.

Disappointment touched the heart as well as the purse. The Japanese had enthusiastically embraced the Olympic ideal, and schoolchildren were taught the Olympic creed that "The important thing in the Olympic games is not to win but to take part, just as the most important thing in life is not the triumph but the struggle." So when the Ceylonese runner Karunananda was lapped three times in the ten-thousand-meter race and doggedly kept plodding around the track to finish after all the other runners had left the field, the Japanese cheered wildly in the twilight, and Japanese announcers, in tones of awe, reported to their listeners a "superb example of the meaning of the Olympics." Karunananda was subsequently showered with gifts and invited to participate in a high-school field day as a "perfect embodiment of the Olympic spirit."

Japanese officials were therefore hurt when some of the foreign sportsmen turned out to be something less than perfect embodiments. European and South American vandals among cyclists, for example, knocked great holes in the walls of their quarters to avoid using doorways. A couple of boxers got sore at ring decisions and tried to beat up the referees. Worst of all, some of the athletes turned out to be shoplifters: they heisted watches, radios, pearls, and transistor radios from the shops in the Olympic village. "I am sorry," said a store manager. "We assumed that all sportsmen were ladies and gentlemen. We will be more careful from now on."

Of course, there were also some

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Japanese who failed to get the Olympic message. Hundreds of small bars and cabarets helpfully provided English price lists—with prices running up to double what Japanese customers normally pay. The government had exempted Olympic visitors from the cabaret tax, so, one manager explained, he was merely adding to the prices the approximate amount of the tax and happily putting the difference into his pocket instead of sending it to the tax office.

Thanks to two gallant Australian weight lifters, however, the Olympic community quickly learned what it can cost to paint Tokyo red. The Aussies, one night before the games began, were steered into the Bar S by a tout. They drank three beers, ordered cocktails for the slinky young ladies who swarmed over them feeling their muscles, and wound up with a bill of more than $80 for the experience. They paid up and left without complaint, wallets thinner but egos fatter. Outside, they encountered an alert Tokyo police interpreter who noticed them shaking their heads at Tokyo prices. The police, figuring they were doing their duty to protect the visiting gladiators from the Ginza tigresses, marched them back to the bar and demanded that the manager refund half the money. He did so, but the next day the Aussies returned to repay the bill, explaining that they did not feel they had been cheated. The incident was played up in the papers, and the Bar S and others like it were empty during most of the games.

Before he departed, International Olympic Committee Chairman Avery Brundage offered an answer to those Japanese who were starting to ask what would now be done with all the magnificent sporting arenas. The new National Gymnasium, Brundage said, "is the best sports facility in the world. . . . It is a cathedral of sport . . . like the cathedrals of religion built during the Middle Ages. Maybe it will become the cathedral of the new sport religion which has circumnavigated the globe."

An inspiring suggestion. But the Japanese are turning the cathedral into a public ice-skating rink—and charging admission. And the Olympic Stadium can be rented, with all 75,000 seats, for $236 per day.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Giving, Getting

NANCY HUDDLESTON PACKER

Early memories are cloudy, and often I can't separate myself from the other children in our family. Was it one of my sisters or I who cried when the Bonus Marchers came to Washington? Did all five of us march through Union Station bearing placards that said "Be Kind to Dumb Animals—Pity Hoover the Elephant"? It's all very confusing. But in the Christmas of 1931, when I was six, I see myself separately and unmistakably, for the story has been preserved intact by family ridicule and tenderness.

We were a frugal family in good times and bad. Our father was a member of Congress from Alabama, and though the pay was not "handsome" (the Congress had voted itself a decrease in pay from $10,000 to $9,000 after, I venture to say, a roll-call vote), we considered ourselves comfortably off. Re-election expenses surely totaled no more than a hundred dollars or so for gasoline and twenty-five dollars for printing. We had plenty, but nonetheless we took money seriously. Allowances and cash gifts were not bestowed merely to provide pleasure; they carried with them a test of virtue and a means to family standing.

Being the youngest, I was the last to be given money. My Saturday movie dime was entrusted to my brother George. As if poverty had made me mute, the ice-cream man would ask my sister Jane what flavor I wanted. But that Christmas, everything changed. Our father was an honorable, stern, and just man. On the Friday evening before Christmas Sunday, he gave each of my four brothers and sisters two dollars and fifty cents to spend on presents. After a slow, appraising gaze, he took two more dollars and a fifty-cent piece and gave them to me. For a moment no one spoke. Glances were exchanged between the older children. In a querulous voice that held no hope of prevailing, one of my sisters said, "Nancy hasn't got two dollars and fifty cents' worth of friends. The rest of us, like me. . . ."

"Hush," my father said. He smiled at her. "There's no halfway house to equality. Nancy is equal now."

My brother George was five years older than I and very careful with money. He owned a little file case in which he kept a stack of I.O.U.s signed by his friends and family. When all of us went, say, to an amusement park, he chose his rides on the closely calculated basis of ride time to money. And so it was to him I went for advice on how to plan my Christmas spending.

"First you make a list," he said. He would do it for me since I couldn't really write. "Now you figure out how much to spend on everybody by how much you love them."

We commenced. By means of a private logic I cannot now recall, I settled on thirty-five cents for Mother and thirty for Father. Next came my brothers and sisters: Mary, George, John, and Jane. Beside each name I directed George to write twenty cents.

"Everyone exactly the same, huh?" he said. "O.K., what about Ida?"

Instinctively I read his meaning. If I cared no more for him than for the others, then he would make it tough for me. "I reckon you didn't even think about Ida," he said harshly. "Poor as she is, much as she loves you."

Ida worked for Mother and was very important to all of us, but I hadn't thought I would buy her a present, for our parents gave her a nice one from all of us. Nevertheless I fell before George's attack and said, "Ida: twenty-five cents."

George stared at me. "Twenty-five

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cents," I repeated. "How much have I got left?"

Grudgingly he informed me that I had eighty cents left. I directed him to write down ten cents beside the names of three school friends with whom I had agreed to exchange presents. That left Walter.

Walter lived next door and he was my hero. He was a year and a half older than I, the only child of a gay young larking couple. If we took pride in the penny saved, they took equal pleasure in the penny spent. Walter, who was not at all musical, had a grand piano, a trumpet in a leather case lined with blue velvet, and a real kettledrum.

"Forty cents for Walter," I said.

"You're even stupider than I thought," George said. "You won't have but a dime left for yourself." I ignored for the moment what this disclosed of George's plans for his own two dollars and fifty cents. I was too pleased with the windfall.

IN ADDITION TO the traits that I've mentioned, Father was both proud and eccentric. Much that he did caused his children that peculiar double pain of embarrassment and shame for being embarrassed. We cringed doubly on the snowy afternoon when he walked home from the House Office Building with newspapers wrapped around his legs to protect his trousers. We were humiliated the time he walked out in the middle of a sermon because, as he said, "I tolerate a mighty lot of fools six days a week. A man has the right to rest on Sunday." When he decided on the spur of the moment to take us to do our shopping that Christmas Eve, we understood that his presence conferred an honor upon us. But beneath our false glad cries when he told us he was coming lurked the dull recalcitrance of inveterate criminals about to be handcuffed.

Our father hadn't had his daily walk, and so we walked to the nearest shopping area eight blocks away. Woolworth's was teeming with children, and not even our father's magnificent will would be able to hold us in a band. Quickly he calculated aptitudes and dispositions, paired and totaled them, and sent us out like snipers to distant corners. I was sent with George, who of course would not pursue his own pleasure in buying until he had exhausted mine.

Setting off at a dogtrot, round and round the store we went. At last we landed at Glassware. We were always breaking glasses, George insisted, wanting to get me started. My eye was caught by a set of thick blue glasses set in holes cut out of a tin tray.

"It says brandy," said George. "That's liquor."

"Mother doesn't drink brandy," I said.

"Look," he said impatiently, "she has a lot of flower vases, hasn't she? Does that mean she drinks dirty flower water? Get 'em."

I got them. Thirty-five cents. It was quite a moment, but George would not let me enjoy it. He hurried me off to the necktie counter. On my own I selected a red-and-yellow necktie for my father to replace the black bow tie he always wore. There was a slight hitch because the tie cost only twenty-nine cents.

"You're only cheating him by a penny," said George.

"I could put the penny in the package," I said.

"If you want to," he said, "stupid."

Ida was more of a problem. I knew nothing of her life outside our house. She did have boy friends, tall, kindly dark men who came to sit with her when she stayed with us on those rare evenings when our parents went out. How did they entertain themselves, I wondered, once we'd all gone to bed? I bought a deck of playing cards for a quarter to tide them through their boredom in our absence.

We had circled the store many times and George's impatience was growing. He kept trying to work me over to the toy counter, but I would not be worked. In a sudden huff, he told me to go to hell and vanished. At once he returned, looking both vicious and contrite.

"If he found out I left you. . . ."

"I promise I won't tell him."

After a searching look, he decided to trust me. He departed and I went at once, not to Toys but to Drugs. My brothers were only seventeen months apart and each measured his worth by the other one. For the sake of peace, everyone gave them the same presents. I knew what I wanted to buy for them because I knew what they wanted. Our eldest

A Domesticity

(for T.C.K. & N.W.)

Despite of table, child, and wife
We drove for greens one Christmas day,
And tried the stomach bitters in
Some Polack tavern on the way.
The forest pine was dry and thin;
We swung the heavy brushing-knife
And skittered ice-pucks on the lake
Until too late; in time we came
Back home to find our wives awake
We had abandoned while we played,
So danced set measure in our shame
At child asleep and supper made
And spoiled upon the table, grown
As cold as wind across the ice
Had played and tasted at our bones.
Grown seasonal in artifice
We lock our doors, the children scream;
If angry women weep alone,
We played at cutting evergreen
Of our good time, and are come home.

—JOHN ENGELS

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sister, Mary, fastidious to a fault, had a large bottle of Lavoris mouthwash that was the envy of us all. It was red and flavorful and mysterious, and we stole swigs from the bottle. Not a week before, my brother John had been caught with the bottle at his lips. With customary bravado he had said, "It ain't nearly as good as Listerine." I bought John and George each a twenty-cent bottle of Listerine.

Staying in that section of the store out of timidity and ignorance and victimized by impulse, I quickly bought vanishing cream and powdered rouge for my sisters, and for each of my three school friends a bottle of blood-red fingernail polish. These were exactly the kind of selections my father had expected George to prevent. But they cleared the way for the big moment: Walter's present.

POOR WALTER was always deprived by excess. When the other boys played football they wore gray sweatshirts and dirty blue jeans and Keds. When Walter joined them, he looked like Frankenstein's monster, with padded pants that forced him to goose-step, regulation shoulder pads that held his arms spread-eagled, and an immense helmet that dropped across his vision at the moment of impact. And while the rest of us had pistols into which we inserted single torn-off caps, Walter had a repeater machine gun that consumed a roll of caps before he could get his finger off the trigger or his eye on the target. Only recently he had tried to swap his expensive gun for a cheaper one, but his desperation spoiled everything and no one would swap. I wanted to please him, and I had decided to get him a pistol.

The ordinary cap pistol cost twenty cents, and so I bought two, to use up the forty cents. I gave the saleswoman a fifty-cent piece, which was all I had left except the awkward penny left from Father's present. She gave me a sack containing the two pistols and a number of coins which I dropped into my coat pocket. As I stood there, I had a vague feeling that the coins amounted to more than the dime George had said I would have left. I went in search of advice.

Pushing and squeezing past adult backsides and children's shoulders, I wriggled my way through the store after George and found him paying for a large bottle of perfume. I held out the coins. "Count this," I said.

At that precise moment, the thundering voice of our father crashed down upon us. He was stationed at the front of the store ready to go home, and he summoned us in the most efficacious manner he knew. Oblivious of our pain, our shameful pain, in his booming orator's voice and in chronological order he summoned us. At once the entire store grew silent.

"Mary!" he shouted. A slight reverberating pause. I imagined her collapsing in a heap across the pots and pans. "George!" George chewed his tongue, winced, cast darting glances right and left, cornered, little, quick. "John!" Cool, nonchalant, John would pretend to ignore the voice, would idly finger the goods for a rapid count of three, and then race to answer the summons. "Jane!" Jane had no doubt found a friend to whom she gave a glance that asked "Jane who?" She knew. "Nancy!" he shouted. I started to whimper.

We walked home in the cold, through cold streets, clutching our packages and our humiliation, no one daring to complain, no one old enough to laugh. Our father asked if we had had a successful trip. Yes, we murmured. When we got home, Mary burst into the house, shot Mother an I-told-you-so look, and rushed off to her room.

"What's wrong with her?" Father asked. Mother must have suspected what was wrong, but she said nothing. There was no point going into it, for that would have brought forth from our father a lecture on Posturing and Finickyness. We recovered at speeds becoming to our ages. I recovered most quickly, having my money still in mind, and I went in search of George.

"I gave her the fifty-cent piece," I said, showing him the coins, "and she gave me this."

"That's sixty cents," he said. Light appeared in his face. He looked at me with incredulity and admiration. "You pulled a fast one, kid, you rooked 'em good. You're not so stupid after all."

Oh, but I was. Ignoring my brother's entreaties, beaming with pride, confident at last of status and praise, I went sailing back to my father. "They gave me too much change," I said. My halo fairly glittered. Without the slightest show of response, for he had an infinite capacity for patience, he asked me to tell him exactly what I had bought and how much I had paid. I produced my dog-eared list, and he insisted that I get my purchases so that he could see the prices. When he had carefully examined the sales slips, he said, "Get your coat."

By the time I fully understood the import of that, the news had flashed through the house. My brothers and sisters gathered behind the banisters, silently mocking me. What a dolt, what a simp! Although their epithets were mouthed or whispered, to avoid a reprimand from our father, I began to cry, recognizing their truth.

"Honor," my father said as he closed the front door. "Honesty," he said as we walked down the walk to the car. "Fair dealing," he said. We got in the car. "Honor. Honesty. Fair dealing," he repeated as he started the car. "These are virtues without which civilization cannot endure. Money," he said as we jerked away from the curb and headed toward Woolworth's, "is only a convention of society. Yet it tests virtue as it threatens it. Let this be an abiding lesson to you."

And it was.

BY NEXT MORNING, my brothers and sisters had forgotten me in the thrill of Christmas. My presents were hits for the most part, although it turned out that my brothers were not as fond of Listerine as I had thought. In fact, only after they found out that I had two cap pistols for Walter would they speak to me again. Then they berated, cajoled, wheedled, nagged, begged, and ultimately persuaded me to exchange their presents for Walter's. They went roaring through the house shooting caps while I rewrapped the Listerine in fancy paper.

I had barely finished when Walter and his mother came knocking at our door. Walter had on a new baseball uniform with regulation shoes. He walked quite carefully across the

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The Holiday Spirit by Fernando Krahn

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floor. He had a large package for me, wrapped in navy-blue paper and tied with a gold ribbon. His mother was all smiles and elegance as she watched him give it to me.

"If it doesn't fit," she told my mother, "do exchange it."

It was a baby-blue sweater with a white angora yoke. My mother flushed and coughed and looked hopeless.

"It's lovely," she said. "You shouldn't have."

With flamboyance and pride—for had I not selected it all by myself?—I gave Walter his present. He felt, smelled, licked the package, and when he shook it and heard the faint gurgle, he began to dance a little jig of excitement on his spikes. No doubt he thought it was whiskey. Bits of paper and ribbon flew about the room. And then a dead silence fell among us. Walter held in each hand a bottle of Listerine. Though I had bought the Listerine, made the swap, and wrapped the package, I recoiled with shock.

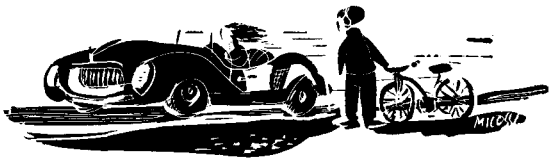
"Well, Nancy," said his mother, "two bottles of Listerine. I hope Walter can take that big a hint."

She was laughing, of course, and my mother was laughing. But Walter was not laughing. With a whoop of rage, he threw the bottles onto the sofa where I was sitting, and on his spikes he went screeching, sliding, cutting, tearing out of the living room and out of the house.

Attracted by all the commotion, my father came to the doorway. When he saw me, he said, "Now, Nanny, how do you like being a full-fledged participant in the yearly giving and getting? What's your verdict?" He smiled most tenderly.

I could not answer him then, and I'm not sure I could now. Thirty-odd years later, I still make my list and by the secret scale of love decide approximately how much for whom. During the course of buying, I deceive myself and others. And on Christmas night, as certain as the season, after all the presents have been exchanged and the disappointments duly felt and recorded alongside the rare perfect success, after all the inequities have been laughed away or forgiven, then I ask myself why giving and getting, these simple pleasures, must end so often in comic failure.

BOOKS



A Plague of Our Own

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN

ACCIDENT RESEARCH: METHODS AND APPROACHES, by William Haddon, Jr., M.D., Edward A. Suchman, and David Klein. *Harper & Row. $15.*

It is a poor civilization that adds nothing to the Christmas tradition, and let it at least be said of us that we conceived the Holiday Death Toll. During the current Yuletide, deaths on the highways will range from about 650 to upwards of 800 if the postwar experience holds. The deaths at New Year should be about two-thirds as numerous. Why the variation no one knows, but then no one has tried to find out. Systematic inquiry has been neither the occasion nor the objective of such statistics. Their place in the scheme of things poses a deep question indeed. They purge, perhaps. They placate, surely. In some ways they celebrate. More we do not know: we have just begun to notice.

It is, on the other hand, entirely clear what has produced the necrotic figures. They reflect a recent, sudden, and important change in the human condition: "For more than half of their lives," Dr. Haddon and his associates point out, "the people of the United States and many other Western countries are more likely to die from accidents than from any other cause. And even in the world as a whole accidents as a cause of death are now outranked only by cancer and cardiovascular disease." There are a hundred thousand accidental deaths a year in the United States and some forty-five million injuries. That's the way we die nowadays. Even more, that's the way we are disabled.

At one point, presumably, the common fate of man, as with his fellow animals, was to be eaten. This problem was solved by banding together, and thereafter the end came mostly through famine, disease, or war. Even these perils man in his pride seems capable of attenuating. The incidence of accidents alone shows no tendency to decline.

It is possible to talk about how much they cost, but hardly to the point. It is like talking about how much life costs. The subject is more serious. Because of their heavy toll throughout childhood and the childbearing years, accidents may well be one of the principal contemporary means by which the composition of the population gene pools is changing. More immediately, accidents are the only remaining major cause of human death and disablement still substantially viewed, by educated and uneducated alike, in terms of ignorant superstition. Cultures resort to supernatural explanations for things not understood, and we define accidents as things that cannot be understood. As if men somehow needed an outlet for primitive irrationality, we have fastened on accidents with a kind of stabilized hysteria, persisting in almost pagan practices, both public and private, designed to ward off evils supposedly beyond our control.

Anyone who has followed the subject for a time is apt to have despaired of change. The combination of public unawareness and gigantic private interests has seemed too great. There has been not only the fog to penetrate but the fog-making machines to dismantle. Too much. Yet suddenly it seems the fog might lift. What has done it—in the best of all traditions—is a book: a brilliant, biting, rousing good book.

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or so, a small number of men working in collateral or even unrelated fields have stumbled onto the problem and have paused to think. And now three such men have brought the work of several dozen others together and made, as Paul Appleby used to say, a mesh of things. Despite the fact that the various contributors have almost all worked outside the present medical, public-health, and safety power structures, despite a shortage of funds and a general lack of professional and public support, they have effected a revolution in knowledge. This period, in retrospect, will be as important for the health and welfare of man as the period in the last century when the groundwork was developed for our present understanding of infections.

Accident Research might better have been called by the title of its opening chapter, "Toward a Science of Accident Research." That, very nearly, is what emerges. The authors are William Haddon, Jr., a Harvard-trained epidemiologist; Edward A. Suchman, a sociologist; and David Klein of the staff for the Association for the Aid of Crippled Children. (To which, in passing, all honor. The Association began at the turn of the century as a rather social New York charity providing braces for slum children afflicted with polio and the like. When, in time, it turned out that accidents were the primary source of crippling, the good patricians turned their attention and support to the new problem.)

The basic question, clearly, is whether the etiology of accidents is different from that of other insults to the body. A person unintentionally swallowing poison is said to have had an accident. Another inadvertently ingesting polio virus is seen as the victim of a somehow different chain of events. Common sense tells you that, but once again common sense turns out to be wrong.

As early as 1948, John E. Gordon of Harvard showed how the prevention of accidents could be brought into the mainstream of scientific medicine. The techniques of epidemiology, he wrote, had been successfully "extended from its original restriction to the communicable diseases." But, he added, "It is not so generally appreciated that injuries, as distinguished from disease, are equally susceptible to this approach, that accidents as a health problem of populations conform to the same biologic laws as do disease processes and regularly evidence comparable behavior." Gordon accepted the notion that accidents have a "cause" but showed that the chain of events involved is much more complex than what we commonly think. "Rather it is a combination of forces from at least three sources . . . the host, . . . the agent, . . . and the environment in which host and agent find themselves." These, of course, are the classical triad of epidemiology.

The analysis was still insufficient. "Implicit in this model," according to the authors of *Accident Research*, "as applied to the results of infections and other more classical insults to the body, is the concept that each such result is produced by a specific agent acting upon the body

and that that pathology can be produced in *no* other way. Thus, such agents as the bacteria that produce tuberculosis and diphtheria are said to be *specific* and *necessary*, since in their absence the injuries they produce cannot occur." But think of the many ways there are to get cut.

Fundamental advances followed from Gordon, but it remained for Dr. Haddon and James J. Gibson of Cornell, working independently, to perceive that the agent was not the *vehicle* involved—the car, the knife, the poison, the atomic pile or whatever—but the abnormal energy exchange that produced the injuries. "Each such type of damage is the specific result of a specific type of energy exchange and it can usually be produced in no other way. For example, the crushing, tearing, and breaking of structure, whether of a fender or of a leg, can be produced only by the transfer to that structure of a sufficient quantity of mechanical energy . . . the fundamental problem in accident prevention is seen to be the prevention or mitigation of these abnormal exchanges."

Where does this lead us? "Specifically," our authors go on, "it leads to an understanding of the fact that many of the same cultural, social, behavioral, environmental and biological factors that are related to the initiation of infectious and other insults to the body, which have long been the concern of preventative medicine, are also related to the initiation of accidents."

The field now expands beyond that of medicine. This beginning revolution in knowledge about the ways in which chemical and physical hazards come to harm man—and the ways in which their action or results can be blocked—is not an isolated phenomenon. It involves a full range of public issues from conservation through urban planning, water resources, air pollution, waste disposal, fallout, pesticides, food additives, and the various hazards in the chemical compounds we use as drugs.

The developmental phase of accident prevention has not proceeded very far. It has awaited a theory, and still awaits financial support. But some work has been done, and *Accident Research* contains fascinating accounts of the efforts of pioneers. An important and poignant step was taken by Hugh De Haven, whose reports were published in *War Medicine* back in 1942. De Haven had served with the Canadian Air Force in the First World War. While in training, his plane crashed with another. Three men died; he survived. He never stopped asking why he had been spared. Investigating "accidents" in which persons had fallen from great heights but somehow survived, he was apparently considered something of a ghoul, but he persisted. What he discovered was that the human body is not nearly so fragile as had been thought, that given the right structural environment it can absorb enormous amounts of mechanical energy. This was the first significant new knowledge on the subject since Hippocrates. Out of it developed the field of crash-injury research,

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just in time to save countless lives in the Second World War.

The applied work in aircraft has been superb, and of late there has been some carry-over to the field of traffic safety. But as our authors point out, "Motor vehicles are not being constructed to crash safely under the operating conditions for which they are designed despite the foreknowledge that substantial percentages of those produced will at some time be involved in such accidents."

FROM NOW ON any student of accident prevention must begin with this book. To read it is to be present at the occasions, one after the other, on which someone for the first time has asked, "Why?" Consider just the opening sentence of an essay by the British physician J. H. Sheldon: "The liability of old people to tumble and often injure themselves is such a commonplace of experience that it has been tacitly accepted as an inevitable aspect of ageing and thereby deprived of the exercise of curiosity." The curiosity that can suddenly bring sense out of chaos informs the book throughout. Even the final insight that the persistence of accidents may stem from deeper levels than we suppose, that to block one source may only open another.

Western culture, as we are reminded in *Accident Research,* rewards and encourages the taking of risks. We seem to need them. "What some pre-industrial cultures achieve by the ritual of blood sacrifice," Anatol Rapoport speculates, ". . . we may be 'achieving' by our yearly slaughter of innocents. We would shrink from the idea of drawing lots to decide which 100,000 men, women, and children were to be killed each year. But in effect, we are essentially doing just that, and our explanations of what actually occurs —i.e. the notion of 'accident,' where the events are attributed to the will of chance (just as in other cultures blood sacrifices are rationalized as pleasing to the gods)—could well be mere rationalizations."

We could, for example, save the lives of perhaps five hundred children a year simply by turning in our guns.

Will we?

Thought in A Green Shade

GEORGE STEINER

THE MACHINE IN THE GARDEN: TECHNOLOGY AND THE PASTORAL IDEAL IN AMERICA, by Leo Marx. *Oxford. $6.75.*

As he would be the first to acknowledge, Mr. Marx's theme in this generous and dispassionate book is not a novel one. Henry Nash Smith, Richard Hofstadter, Eric Goldman, R. W. B. Lewis, Richard Chase, and others have examined various aspects of American pastoralism, of the inevitable clash between the ideal of agrarian innocence and the mastering impulse of industrial and technological experience. Like so much else in contemporary American criticism and history of ideas, these studies look back to the overdramatized but compelling insights of D. H. Lawrence. An entire school of American studies and historiography has grown up around Lawrence's brilliantly argued doctrine that American civilization reveals energies of a peculiarly mythological and archetypal character, that the New World fostered characteristic patterns of imagination and divided consciousness. Of which the most important is a paradox: the new Eden had to be wrought by men coming from a world that was old, worn with toil and sin.

The first part of this study deals with the vision and extended metaphor of the new Eden, of America as a Garden for man. Apparently unaware of Ernst Bloch's seminal study of utopian imaginings, of the way in which mythologies of Edenic hope enter into politics and history, Mr. Marx does not ask a rather fascinating question: When did the West, whose initial symbolic meaning is that of sunset and death-voyage, come to be the location of hope? Signs of a reorientation from an eastern Garden to the promise of western isles can be found in the literature of the early Middle Ages.

Mr. Marx glosses Shakespeare's *Tempest* in the light of Elizabethan conceits about the "new-found land" and the Hesperides of Virginia. He shows how the classic idyll and pastoral of Virgil blend into seventeenth-century accounts of American abundance and natural bliss. By 1785 and Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia,* the various strands of neoclassic pastoralism, Adamic expectation, and topographical survey had combined "into something like an all-embracing ideology." In the Jamesian phrase, America was to be "the great good place," a Garden amid fertile fields, peaceful, beauteous, and safe from the class struggles, internecine strife, and bleareyed toil of Europe. Mr. Marx gives an admirable summary of the literary material, but his survey of pastoralism from Spenser to Addison is hardly new.

MR. MARX is much more original in his account of the Machine, of the irruption into Eden of the native genius and need for industrial technology. Though he does not draw the parallel, it is striking to observe how closely Jefferson's discrimination between the Machine as liberator of the human spirit and the factory system as feudal oppressor anticipates another scholar named Marx. But Jefferson was wrong. Others understood very soon that the benefits of steam and rapid manufacture could not be realized apart from the dark Satanic mill. In what is perhaps the most valuable part of his book, Mr. Marx examines the rhetoric and philosophy of that realization. His study of Daniel Webster's prophetic ambiguities—of how "the technological sublime" is introduced to neutralize the "dissonance generated by industrialization"—is particularly revealing, a model of the manner in which a modern critic can read between the lines of past rhetoric. Gradually, by a progress of metaphor that led from Whitman to Hart Crane, the Machine itself provided a myth of vitality and formal beauty, thus preserving the illusion of the old pastoral haven.

But there were some to whom the clash between Arcadia and the open-hearth steel mill seemed irreconcilable. Thus a number of major writers sought to find poetic and mythological expression for what they recognized as an inherent contradiction in the American dream. The en-

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deavor to cope imaginatively with the sudden yet inevitable "appearance of the Machine in the Garden" leads to a "complex, distinctively American form of romantic pastoralism." Mr. Marx traces various expressions of this pastoralism in the writings of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Melville, and Frank Norris. His readings are acute, but again the ground has been rather thoroughly gone over.

It is in the epilogue that the argument becomes urgent and personal. Mr. Marx contends that the Garden is now rank with weeds, that "our inherited symbols of order and beauty have been divested of meaning." The realities of a mass-consumer technocracy, of a society organized along industrial and scientific lines, do not accord with the reiterated ideal of a pastoral, prelapsarian state of grace. Too many classics of the American imagination end with the hero destroyed or "totally alienated from society, alone and powerless, like the evicted shepherd of Virgil's eclogue." The dream of Eden has turned febrile. In a fascinating coda, Mr. Marx suggests that "new symbols of possibility" must be created, but that such creation belongs, ultimately, not to art but to politics.

A good deal of Mr. Marx's evidence is available elsewhere, and the urbanity of his style leads to padding. A shorter book might have been more arresting. Yet at the same time, there are surprising omissions. Nothing is said, for example, of the murderous exclusion of the Indian from the Garden. How was the pastoral ideal reconciled to the apparently inevitable corollary of human destruction? Are the archetypal patterns of the "Western" a direct consequence or a sublimation of hypocrisy? Here Edmund Wilson is the shrewder guide. Nor does Mr. Marx deal with the neoclassic, often explicitly Virgilian and Horatian agrarianism of the Fugitive poets and critics of the 1930's and 1940's, which suggests a vital affinity between pastoralism and political reaction. These are harsh, uncomfortable topics. Neither fits easily into a book that is conceived, perhaps too deliberately, as a conversation among friends.

Curiouser And Curiouser

BARBARA CARTER

THE STRANGE TACTICS OF EXTREMISM, by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. *Norton. $4.50. Paperback, $0.95.*

There was once an exercise devised for would-be artists—paint a white egg lying on a white saucer placed upon a white tablecloth. And another for would-be writers—describe at length a bore without becoming a bore. The trouble was that no matter how much one admired the effort, one could not rejoice in the result. Evidently the extremists pose a similar problem, or so it seems from Harry and Bonaro Overstreet's new book.

This is really a shame. For the extremists, perversely enough, have taken courage from the election and would have us believe their star is now indisputably on the rise. How should one deal with them? The Overstreets take them very, very seriously, and as a consequence have gone to an extraordinary amount of work. They patiently explain the fallacies in their arguments, carefully point out the broad contradictions in their stand, solemnly question their use of unnamed experts. Although they do not take up all the extremists, the ones they choose, Robert Welch and the John Birch Society, Myers Loman and the Circuit Riders, Edgar Bundy and the Church League of America, Billy James Hargis and his Christian Crusade, Carl McIntire and the American Council of Christian Churches, and Dan Smoot, are more than enough.

They are, in fact, too much for this kind of treatment. Chapter by chapter, their charges are too wild, and the Overstreets' lessons in logic or history too elementary, to do anything but encourage the lassitude or despair that fast sets in.

Still, this book may well prove useful to local groups like the PTA, for instance, that are frequently selected for "infiltration" by the far Right. It gives enough background information for those who are new to the game to make it easier to identify the extremists and what they are after, and even gives hints on how to deal with troublemakers. The facts the Overstreets have patiently garnered to counter the extremists' charges of conspiracy in high places may prove useful on occasion, too, but for every charge that is answered, a new one is sure to appear. And for those who want to believe the worst, to whom this book at times seems dedicated, logic is absolutely no help.

Perhaps the Overstreets have been too diligent in their research. For several years, they have analyzed all the extremist literature they could lay their hands on—a sacrifice beyond the courage of most, and certainly beyond the extremists themselves, who, it may be safely assumed, pay little heed to their own outpourings.

Thus it should be a matter of sympathy if too much familiarity with the strange tactics of the extremists has affected the Overstreets themselves. But what else are we to make of the suggestion that each and every one of us read Welch's *Blue Book* with close attention and in its entirety, as we should have read *Mein Kampf?* Or of the Overstreets' confession, in this day of educational turmoil, that their "basic concern about today's schooling" is that "young people are not being required to memorize enough of the great words of our tradition" such as the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address? Even curiouser, to counteract the rightists, they propose that liberals and conservatives get together in "something as informal as the Caucus Race in *Alice in Wonderland*: that race in which everyone started from where he was, and ran as fast and far as he could; and in which all got prizes." That's a pack of cards that would have nothing on *Alice*.

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The Libretto As Literature

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

NEXT TO the soprano's husband, it is the librettist who has the most thankless position at the opera house. If his work is a success, the composer gets the credit; if it fails, the librettist can take the blame. In either event, monuments to librettists are scarce. In Paris there is a street behind the Opéra named for the author of Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*, Eugène Scribe, but I know of no city that has done as much for Lorenzo Da Ponte, librettist of the three loveliest operas in existence—*Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, and *Così fan tutte*.

For this and sundry other services, the opera world owes Lorenzo Da Ponte at least three life-size monuments in Carrara marble: one in Venice, from which he was legally banished as a young man; one in front of the Staatsoper in Vienna, from which he was expelled at forty-two; and one in New York City, where he spent most of the last thirty years of his life. He died in 1838, aged eighty-nine, in a house at No. 91 Spring Street on the corner of Broadway, but no memorial tablet marks the spot. He was buried in a cemetery over on Eleventh Street and Avenue A, and there his bones were just as irretrievably lost as those of his friend Mozart at St. Marx's graveyard in Vienna. The citizens of Vienna have at least tried to make amends for past errors by putting up plaques on all the houses of which it could be said that Mozart had slept there. New York, on the other hand, doesn't even have a

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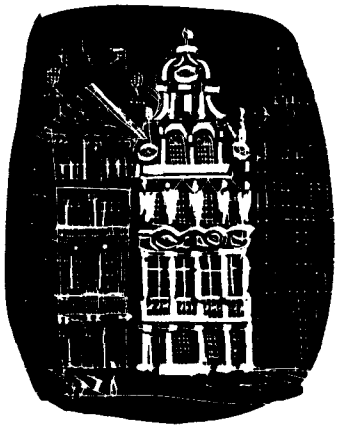
Café Da Ponte where one could drink an occasional toast to the author of *"Finch' han dal vino."*

In his patriarchal old age, Da Ponte had reason to hope that Mozart's biographers would someday "preserve my fame against oblivion," but as things have turned out (the pen being by no means mightier than the tuning fork), most scholars have been so fascinated by Mozart's music as to take the words more or less for granted. The latest edition of his librettos, newly published as a Norton Library paperback, runs just about true to form in this respect: entitled *The Great Operas of Mozart,* it manages to devote 262 of its 384 pages to Da Ponte's writings without mentioning his name on either the cover or the title page. Instead it is the translators of his work who receive star billing—notably W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, who did the *Don Giovanni.* If a librettist counts for so little that he cannot even get honorable mention on a collection of librettos, there is little likelihood that he will ever cease to be the forgotten man of literature.

YET it takes two to make a great opera, and Da Ponte—perhaps more than any other librettist—was the perfect partner for such an enterprise. It was, to begin with, a kind of theatrical miracle that this meeting of minds should come about, that they were able to realize their brilliant vision of the sensual universe within the confines of the eighteenth-century stage. Mozart, in his late twenties, had already experimented with several kinds of serious and comic opera, but there was an element of unrequited love in his passion for the theatre. "Just to hear anyone speak of an opera," he once sighed, "or to be in the theatre, or hear singing, is enough to make me beside myself." After years of composing music to second-rate librettos, he was desperately anxious for a chance "to show what I can do in an Italian opera."

Da Ponte, in his mid-thirties, was a poet steeped in the classical tradition whose style had been honed to a fine edge in the literary polemics that flourished at the court of Joseph II. Born in the ghetto of Ceneda but trained for the priesthood, he



had mastered Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, could quote endlessly from Roman and Italian poets, and had rounded off his education by writing amatory and political verses for his friends in Venice. ("The Venetian dialect," according to Stendhal, "possesses some descriptions of sensual love that leave Horace, Propertius, La Fontaine, and all the poets miles behind.")

The Irish tenor Michael Kelly, friend of both Mozart and Da Ponte in Vienna, described him as "a great dramatic writer" and a consummate coxcomb: "My friend the poet had a remarkably awkward gait, a habit of throwing himself (as he thought) in a graceful attitude by putting his stick behind his back and leaning on it; he had also a very peculiar, rather dandyish way of dressing, . . . a strong lisp, and broad Venetian dialect." In his autobiography, Da Ponte says that writing *Don Giovanni* was his own idea, and that he set to work on the libretto with a bottle of Tokay on his right, a box of Spanish snuff on his left, and an inkwell in the middle. There was also a bell to summon the maid:

> A beautiful girl of sixteen—I should have preferred to love her only as a daughter, but alas! . . . to tell the truth the bell rang rather frequently, especially at moments when I felt my inspiration waning. She would bring me now a little cake, now a cup of coffee, now nothing but her pretty face, a face always gay, always smiling, just the thing to inspire poetical emotion and witty thoughts.

A GOOD DEAL of all this rubs off onto the characters he created for Mozart—not only the braggadocio but also the smooth talk, the bubbling undercurrent of sensuality. Every line of Da Ponte's dialogue is eminently composable, and though he was inexperienced as a playwright, he knew how to reduce a drama to its operatic essentials without destroying its pacing and cohesion. Sören Kierkegaard points out in his classic analysis of the opera that *"Don Giovanni* is absolutely musical," and at the same time, "action, character and text stand in a mutually necessary relationship as in no other opera." It was Da Ponte and Mozart (rather than Lerner and Loewe) who invented the aria-that-advances-the-action, and their lyrics have a dazzling simplicity that charms even those who have never gone beyond the first grade in grand-opera Italian:

> *Là ci darem la mano,*
> *Là mi dirai di si!*
> *Vedi, non è lontano*
> *Partiam, ben mio, da qui!*

In the old days this used to be translated as "Give me thy hand, oh fairest, whisper a gentle 'Yes,' " which was pedestrian enough but had the advantage of being a more or less straightforward rendering of the thing. The new Auden-Kallman translation, according to its publishers, is designed to replace "the dreaded 'operatese' of the past" with something more accessible to modern American ears. In this instance they have come up with:

> Here with our hands entwining,
> Let our designs agree;
> Lingering here serves no one;
> Why not walk on with me?

This is meant to be a singing translation, and from the baritone's standpoint they have made a commendable effort to preserve the singable "ee" sound for the crucial notes of the phrase. But what Don Juan could ever hope to win fair milkmaid with such faint-hearted sophisms about entwining designs? There is no glint of lust in these verses; their consistency is as puffy and stale as a loaf of day-old enriched bread. Not that the Messrs. Auden and Kallman can be held entirely responsible; any sort of reasonable modern English must sound flat and shapeless compared to the sharp outlines and vivid coloring of

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Da Ponte's Italian. To take a very basic example: the sinister sibilance of Leporello's invitation,

Riposate, vezzose ragazze,

is converted to

Would you girls like to sit for a minute?

which smacks of midtown Manhattan in the age of anxiety rather than suburban Seville in the days of debauchery. No translation is ever immune to these key-changes and distortions, but an *opera semi-seria*

like *Don Giovanni* can take only so much play-doctoring without turning into straight farce. To make matters worse, Auden and Kallman are prone to read things into the script that are significantly missing from the original. When the valet Leporello recites his formidable catalogue of his master Don Giovanni's conquests to the neglected wife, Donna Elvira—

In Italia seicento e quaranta,
In Alemagna duecento trent'una;
Cento in Francia, in Turchia novant'una,
Ma, ma in Ispagna, son già mille e tre!

the new translation has the reprise:

In Arabia, ten dozen were foolish;
In Dalmatia, a hundred were wanton;
Here's Helvetia—a gross in each Canton;
But, but over-prudish Spain contributes a thousand and three!
You [turning to Donna Elvira] are one of those three.

IT WAS just this innovation that irritated Kierkegaard in an earlier version of the opera. "In the German translation she is told that she herself is one of these 1,003," he

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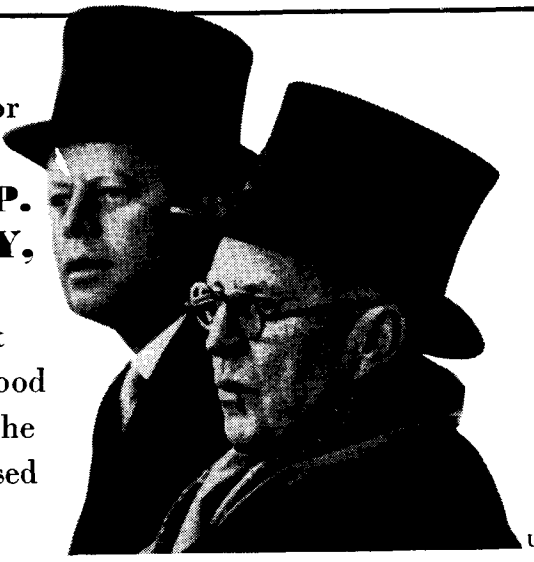

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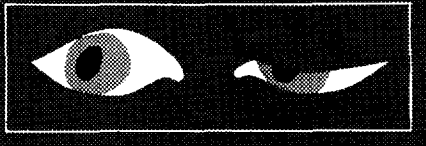

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noted. "This is a German 'improvement,' foolishly indecent to the same extent as the translation itself is foolishly 'decent' and utterly beside the mark." Kierkegaard wrote these comments 125 years ago, but very little has changed since then; if anything, the case against opera in the vernacular is stronger than ever.

Since our best modern poets are clearly baffled by the assignment, it may be time to admit that Da Ponte is too good to be translated and leave his texts in peace. The great operas of Mozart do not really want updating; they have a kind of ritual existence of their own that defies the intrusion of some contemporary "reality." There is nothing to be gained in compromising the aesthetics of an opera for the sake of those who will not meet this ritual halfway by studying the libretto in advance of the performance. Anyone who won't go to that much trouble may as well see a Broadway musical instead, or a Hollywood movie (but not a foreign art film, please note; no one wants to see Fellini in anything but Italian either). Mozart needs not "singing" translations but literary ones, for the benefit of the intelligent reader, listener, and record collector. No music lover in full possession of his faculties would choose "Here with our hands entwining" in preference to *"Là ci darem la mano."* The mere suggestion must have Da Ponte turning over in his grave, wherever it is.

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Henry Stimson quoted by McGeorge Bundy
Decision to Drop the Bomb/Chet Huntley
Tuesday, January 5 (8:30-10:00 PM)

" 'Pity me!', said the mouse. 'The world is growing smaller every day...There is only one corner left for me to run to, and in that corner...the mouse trap!' "

Franz Kafka/The World of Franz Kafka/Directions '65
Sunday, January 17 (1:00-1:30 PM)

"Korea is the story of a scar...barely healed, still angry and red after one of the most bitter struggles of our history."

Walter Cronkite/Korea: The Line/The Twentieth Century
Sunday, January 17 (6:00-6:30 PM)

If you watch only 2½ hours of television this month, you'll have enough to think about for the rest of the year.

Other programs of special interest in January:

New Year's Day Bowl Games
Cotton Bowl—From Dallas (Starts 1:45 PM)
Sugar Bowl—From New Orleans (Starts 1:45 PM)
Rose Bowl—From Pasadena (Starts 4:45 PM)
Orange Bowl—From Miami (Starts 7:45 PM)
Gator Bowl—From Jacksonville, Saturday, January 2 (Starts 2 PM)

Discovery '65
The Baird Puppets; Surprises and Disguises; Discovery Goes to London; Yuri and Irena Discover America
Sundays, January 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (11:30-12 N)

Directions '65
The World of Isaac Leib Peretz; The World of Isaac Babel; The World of Franz Kafka; The World of Isaac Rosenberg
Sundays, January 3, 10, 17, 24 (1-1:30 PM)

The Decision to Drop the Bomb
Chet Huntley narrates. Footnotes by people responsible for its development and use.
Tuesday, January 5 (8:30-10 PM)

Alumni Fun
Season's premiere of information game with well-known college alumni teams.
Sunday, January 10 (4-4:30 PM)

Science All-Stars
Showcase for scientific accomplishments of young people. Premiere of second season.
Sunday, January 10 (5-5:30 PM)

The Capitol: Chronicle of Freedom
U. S. Capitol: monument to freedom, democratic government and art.
Tuesday, January 12 (10-11 PM)

Inauguration Day Ceremonies
Coverage of President Johnson's oath of office, address and parade.
Wednesday, January 20 (11 AM-5:30 PM)

The Stately Ghosts of England
Margaret Rutherford on a ghost-hunt in three of England's haunted mansions.
Monday, January 25 (10-11 PM)

The French Revolution
Michael Redgrave narrates the demise of Royalist France, the birth of the French Republic and the rise of Napoleon.
Tuesday, January 26 (10-11 PM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts
Leonard Bernstein presents young, talented singers and musicians.
Thursday, January 28 (8-9 PM)

The Magnificent Yankee
Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne portray Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and his wife.
Thursday, January 28 (9:30-11 PM)

The American Sportsman
First of four monthly specials on hunting and fishing: Africa and Bermuda.
Sunday, January 31 (5-6 PM)

The Twentieth Century
Walter Cronkite narrates. TAC: The Lightning Punch; Target: North Africa; Korea: The Line; The Strange Case of Rudolf Hess; The Nisei: The Pride and the Shame
Sundays, January 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (6-6:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: World War 1/That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/ABC Scope

Fridays: International Showtime/The Entertainers

Saturdays: Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/Exploring/Wide World of Sports/Mr. Magoo

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Watch Mr. Wizard/Issues and Answers/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Profiles in Courage/Walt Disney

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